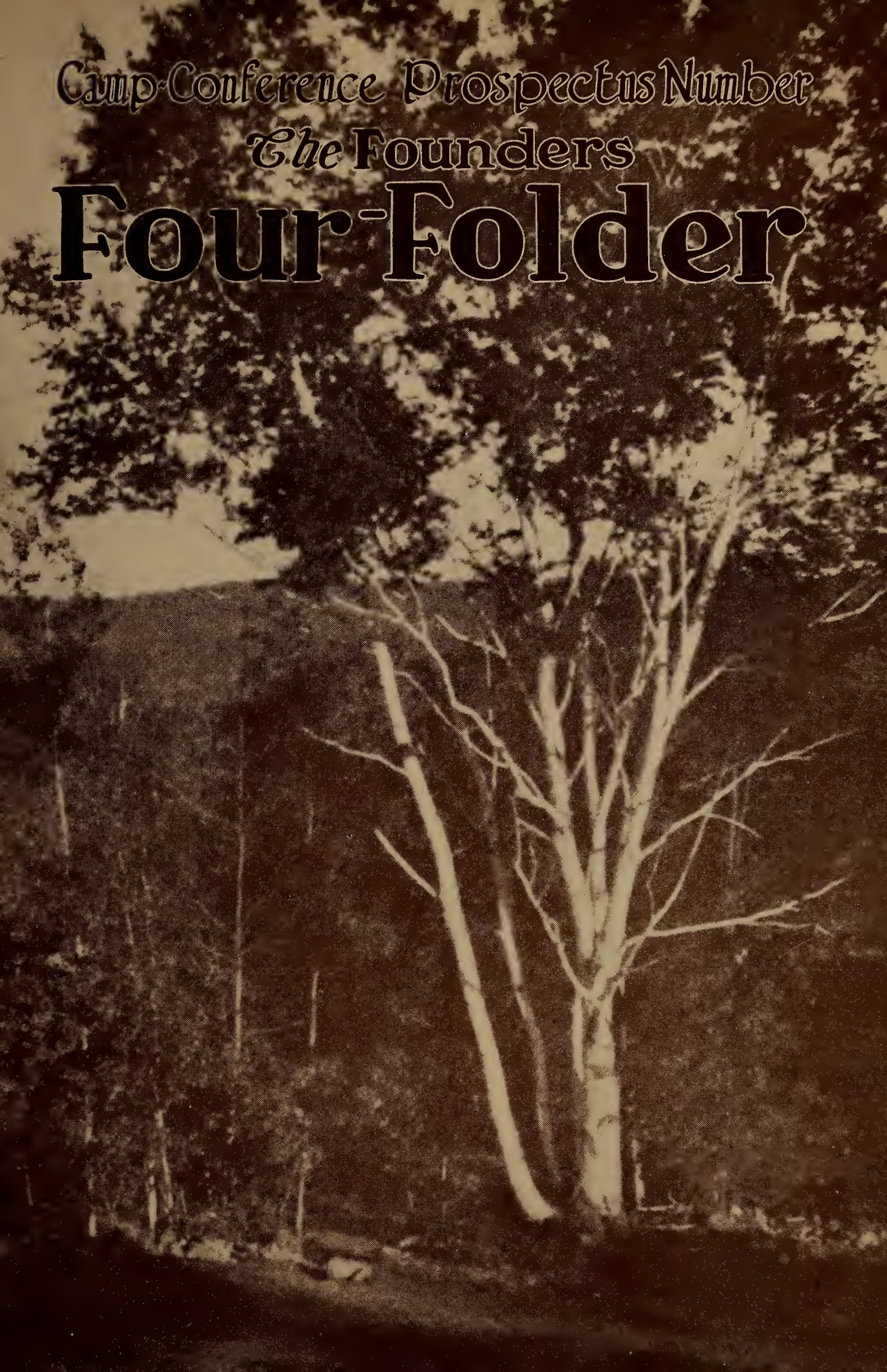


Camp-Conference Prospectus Number

*The Founders*

# Four-Folder



# THE CALL

With the advent of Spring, these thirteen times since 1914, as Director of the Camp-Conference, I have issued a *Call to Camp*. Last year, the year before and all the years back to historic 1914, the wording used has always been the same. As I think on the Leadership Training Camps of our American Youth Foundation, with their discovery and training of youth for Christian leaders, I send you the same invitation of former years. Come and join us as we adventure together in the Jesus way.

## THIS IS THE CALL!

To Camp, to live under canvas away from the piles of brick and stone that we call cities; in the open air; to breathe pure oxygen; to bathe in the sun and water; to sleep upon a bed of boughs beside the trail; to hear the whisper of the trees; to sit beside the campfire when the sun has set; to ply the oar and wield the paddle in the moonlight; to dive in the cool waters of the lake at dawn and to watch the stars at night; to eat flesh and fowl and the delicacy of fish with the fragrance of the forest all about you; to commune night and morn and mid-day with God's great out-of-doors. This is the call!

To confer, to study the guide-book of men and nations; to learn to live right, to speak true, to help the weak, to follow the Christ; to note the rules of righteous living in prophet, priest and sage, and to apply them to our daily life and service; to become acquainted with the Bible. To study plans for the home, church, and community, and programs of services and activities to be done; to hear men who have traveled life's trail tell the story; to discuss the ways by which men earn their daily bread, without, in the man's world; to play and sail and hike at night, when the day is done and to do it in the spirit of the Master of Men.

This is the call.

—Kinji (J. L. A.)

## The American Youth Foundation 1926 *Camp Conferences*

| JULY |    |    |    |    |    |    | AUGUST |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|------|----|----|----|----|----|----|--------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| S    | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  | S      | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
| ..   | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1  | 2  | 3  | 1      | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  |
| 4    | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 8      | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 11   | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 15     | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 18   | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 22     | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 25   | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 29     | 30 | 31 | 1. | 2. | 3. | 4. |
| ..   | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5      | 6  | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

### Camp Merrowvista

Lost Brook Glen on Old Sentinel Mountain, N. H.

Boys—June 28th-July 12

Girls (1) July 12th-July 26th

Girls (2) July 26th-Aug. 9th

### Camp Miniwanca

Dune Forest on Stony Lake and Lake Michigan, Mich.

Girls (1) July 26th-Aug. 9th

Girls (2) Aug. 9th-Aug. 23rd

Boys—Aug. 23rd-Sept. 6th

# The Founders Four-Folder

Publication Office, 404 N. Wesley Ave., Mount Morris, Illinois.

Published ten months in year by The American Youth Foundation, Christian Leadership Training Division. Chicago Office. 130 North Wells St.

Subscription 50 cents per year.

The FOUNDERS FOUR-FOLDER is owned by The American Youth Foundation, Christian Leadership Training Division: William H. Danforth, President; Walter Scott Athearn, Vice President; Donald Danforth, Secretary; Lansing F. Smith, Treasurer; John L. Alexander, Director; R. A. Waite, Associate Director; P. G. Orwig, Associate Director and Editor. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1925, at the postoffice at Mount Morris, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

(Copyright, 1926, by The American Youth Foundation.)

Vol. 2, No. 7

APRIL, 1926

## Editorial

THIS number of THE FOUR-FOLDER is dedicated to that great group of outstanding older boys and girls who this summer will for the first time attend one of the American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences.

The older campers do not need a prospectus. They have seen the camps for themselves; they have reveled in the beauties of Merrowvista and Miniwanca; they have fellowshiped with the many choice fellows and girls from all over the continent, who have been their chums and comrades in their respective camps; they have enriched their lives through the close contact that they have had with great leaders of youth; they have broadened their outlook on life through the many challenging experiences of the classroom and playground. They know what it means to spend two weeks in one of the Foundation Camps and if it is humanly possible for them to do so, they are going to return to camp for a repetition of what they enthusiastically term "the very best time we have ever had."

And so, we dedicate this Prospectus Number of THE FOUR-FOLDER to our new camper friends. The old campers themselves have written the material. They have told their own story. The enthusiasm is theirs. What you read are but pages from their every day camp experiences.

You will like the tale that the campers tell and of course you will want to join us this summer so that you may experience for yourself the enviable good times, of which the story of the campers gives you but a glimpse.

—P. G. O.

# The Doodinkies Spend a Day in Camp

By *Lois Cook (Cookie) Kiwada*

Gee, we like camp; it's awfully nice! In the morning a little bell rings and up we jump just like this, and tumble out of our nice little cots and soon we are all very vigorously getting the kinks out of our little anatomies so that we will be nice and beautiful for the day. Then



we all run just as fast as our little legs will carry us down to the lake and jump in. Oh, but it's cold, and it peps us up so nice that it makes us feel just like running pell mell all the way back to our tents to

put ourselves into our little white middies and knickers all ready for a big hot breakfast. We're so hungry we just eat and eat till we can't eat another



bite—and everything tastes so good! Then we all start to yell for the brooms and we sweep every speck of dust out of our tents, and we have to do it mighty quick too 'cause pretty soon another little bell rings

and that means all we little doodinkies must scoot right away to our classes. We like our classes lots!



They don't seem like school at all cause our teachers are so nice and they tell us such interesting things—



all about trees and flowers and Four Fold Life and everything, but when dinner time comes around we're mighty glad 'cause then our little appetites aren't little any more, they're awfully big! So we stuff and stuff till our belts won't stretch another inch! We play volley ball and basket ball and get all



bumped up trying to play soccer. But isn't it great! Then all we little doodinkies jump into our bathing suits and run pitter patter down to the lake and get cooled off. And we can swim too, and we have a

swimming meet and everything! But the nicest part of all is after supper when we all climb way up to the





top of a great big sand dune, and we get all out of breath and puff like everything at first but we soon get used to it. It's just bee-utiful on top, and we sit and watch the sunset over the lake and feel so good and have such delicious thoughts! Then we scamper down the hill again—lots faster than we came up and



then the little bell rings again and we gather together for the "Night's Doings."

Sometimes we have a treasure hunt and each tribe of doodinkies tries to find the treasure first, and then we gather around a big fire and sing and laugh till we're tickled all over. Sometimes we have stunts



and every little doodinky wants to get in the circle and do his stunt first, and poor Kinji has a hard time deciding which one jumped up first. And you ought to see Wadjepi and Kodaya trying to act like Romeo

and Juliet! Honest—we almost split our sides laughing at them! When it's time for us to go to bed we all sort of hate to go, but when we creep into our nice, white sheets, we know we're stiff and tired and happy,



and we go off to sleep and dream about camp and Kinji and Dad and Wadjepi and Minisino and all the leaders and teachers and all the other little camper doodinkies.

Goodby for now. See you all in camp.

THE DOODINKIES.

### *Mr. Prospective Camper—*

- Fun without limit
- Training for Leadership
- Continent-wide friendships
- Personal growth and development
- Contact with great leaders
- Two *truly great* weeks
- Await you in the Foundation Camps

*Ask any old Camper.*

*Don't miss your chance. Register Now.*

# The Personality Camps Camp Merrowvista—Camp Miniwanca

*By the Campers Themselves with an opening paragraph by the Editor*

*Being the Story  
of the American Youth Foundation  
Camp-Conferences, written entirely from the point  
of view of the campers who were in attendance at the 1925 camps.*

IT IS a comparatively simple, though a most attractive task, for any one person to write the story of Camp Miniwanca and Camp Merrowvista. Such a person, if he had spent any time at all in these two wonderful camps, would soon find himself reveling in the memories of the truly great days spent among the marvelous wooded sand dunes of Michigan and the unmatched mountains of New Hampshire.

But after the story is completed it would after all represent the viewpoint of but one person, and we would still be left to wonder if the great group of splendid fellows and girls who comprised the personnel of the camps, were in full agreement with the writer and whether they shared with him in the enthusiasm which he displayed because of his experience in the camp-conferences.

And so it was decided that the Camp Prospectus Number of the FOUR-FOLDER this year should largely represent the attitude and sentiment of the campers themselves in order that the true spirit of the camps should be revealed to the many Founder friends and prospective campers who shall read this number of the FOUR-FOLDER.

Here, then, we have the camps as the campers saw and experienced them. Approximately one hundred Founders have participated in the writing of the story and in practically every instance regret was expressed by the writers that more space had not been allotted to them.

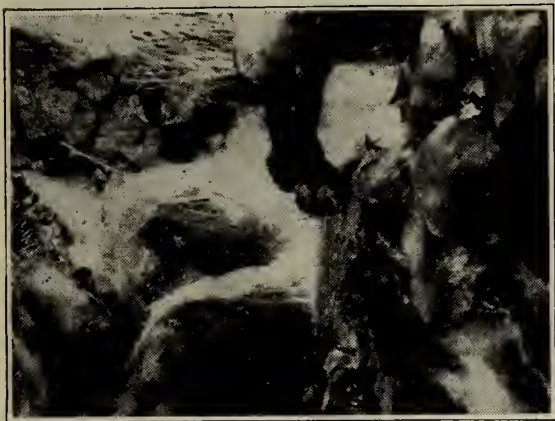
The story that follows is remarkable for its continuity, considering the many thousands of miles that separated the writers from each other. "The half has not been told" is the verdict of the writers and the prospective camper who may have the good fortune to read this story may be assured that this most attractive look-in on the camps is but a foretaste of the wonderful time that awaits him when he arrives at Merrowvista or Miniwanca this coming summer.

And now to the story.

## Camp Merrowvista

### The Trip to Mountain View

In traveling from Boston to camp we passed from the distressing hustle



and bustle of that heavy trafficked city to the little traversed hills of New Hampshire, where the stillness is only broken by the rustling of the trees or the tread of an occasional passer-by. Winnepesaukee with its emerald green islands could hardly be matched with the rare beauty of "the great hills," as the Indians called them. We did not fully conceive the wonder of this giant ring which surrounded our tribal grounds until we stood at last in front of the house of our "Great Chieftain," where we might look north, south and east and behold beauty which I will match, on a basis of equality, with any spot north of Colorado.

[Theodore von Kameke—Pacemaker].

### The Trip from Mountain View to Camp

As we piled off the train we noticed two Ford trucks, around which the older campers were talking excitedly. We found that these were the cars that were to take us to camp. Just as we were hopping into the trucks, Wadjepi came around and introduced himself. He certainly made a hit, because I later heard many of the fellows say to each other, "Gee, that man Wadjepi is certainly a

nice guy. Makes you feel right at home."

The road to camp was very poor. It was one of these roads that could hardly be called a road. After it leaves the center of Mountain View it heads straight across the valley to the mountains which are only a short distance away. And then it reaches the hills, around which it winds. Sometimes it went up the sides of mountains so steep that we all thought that we would have to get out and push—but we never did.

The scenery going up to camp was very interesting. First were the farms, which took up all the valley. As the ground grew higher it ceased to be cultivated and there was nothing on it but a heavy forest of great tall trees. These grew so close to the road and had branches so low that we had to duck our heads when going under them. It did not seem to appeal to anybody to have a swinging hemlock bough catch them in the face.

Finally we reached the top of the mountain. Camp was very near now, so we were all very excited. Then we drove into camp and piled out in front of the office where we all introduced each other to everybody else.

[Stanley Church—Peacemaker.]

### First Impressions

Look, there are the tents down there in the hollow; the chapel over there on the right and the eating lodge behind it; and there's the big athletic field where I suppose we'll play all our games. Boy, this will be some place to spend two weeks. Out in the open, high in the mountains, close to God in everything we do. In this place I'll be able to settle down and do a little personal constructive work. Back at school I never took a chance to find out what I was really worth.

But here I'm away from ordinary things and have competent leaders to help me. I'm going to make these first two weeks in camp a real experience.

[Andrew K. Craig—  
Pacemaker.]

### The Mountains

And then there are the mountains—the mountains towering majestically in their grandeur above the camp site. Close at hand stands Sentinel Mountain—the highest point on the northeast flank of the Ossipee range. From the heights of Old Sentinel a panoramic view of wondrous, though rugged, beauty unfolds—green sloped mountains, emerald lakes, fertile valleys, roads winding among clustering white villages. Just a few miles to the north Chocorua rears its jagged peak commanding attention. Wherever the eye wanders the beauty of the White Mountains of New Hampshire is brought to the fore. In the heart of every true Merrowvista camper the mountains hold a treasured place—for they serve as a challenge to all that is true and noble, teaching a new lesson each day. Memories of the mountains linger in the hearts of Merrowvista braves long after other memories have faded.

[Alger W. Geary—Whittier.]

### Lost Brook Glen

This is the glen that is so beautiful that even the brook while wandering about loses itself. Coming down the mountain-side and falling over itself it stops, looks about and reflects the lights and shadows, then glides over the smooth stones to the next pool. Now it dashes on to bathe in the sun, now it runs swiftly on as if playing tag with the banks. The whole



glen is covered with a soft carpet, making the step slight and spirited; above are the ever moving leaves, always shaping marvelous patterns of blue and green. The cool breath of the great spirit seems to enclose all and sets all at peace.

[Gerritt E. Fielstra—Peacemaker.]

### Dan Hole Lake

The mountains encircling this wonderful gem of a lake appear as a setting of a sparkling diamond. We come upon it by the winding path among the white birches which seems to make an appropriate approach. Dan Hole Lake makes a perfect mirror that reflects those beautiful trees, such as no mirror we possess can reveal. While the sun is shining on this sparkling water, it gives an effect that no other could. The water is as clear as crystal, and we



enjoy watching it ripple so smoothly and continually. Now without a doubt one can say it is in harmony with the rest of the country.

[Virginia M. Cowell—First.]

### Meadows and Orchard

One of the most beautiful spots at Merrowista is the orchard. You ask me why? Here I spent many happy hours. You step on a little knoll, and looking out beyond you, see this beautiful orchard filled with apple trees growing in the oddest of shapes. In the distance what do you see? Sentinel Mountain, a wonderful mountain view. A volley ball court on one side where tribes spent happy hours. Hillside meetings were held on orchard knoll. Standing near headquarters house you see one of the most wonderful sights of the camp, the meadow, the breeziest and coolest place at camp, surrounded by lofty birches. Here soccer is played; through the meadow we skip to the lake for our dip. Looking up you see a bit of blue sky and find you are in a meadow beautiful.

[May Lydia Morris—First.]



### The Primeval Forest

Here and there, scattered through the great forest, shining through the darkness, were bon fires burning full blaze. Each one seemed to be burning its very brightest, trying to out-do the others, so that its light might shine out a little farther into the darkness. The tall pine trees looked so stately against the light of the fires, and the big moon, who was shining down upon them all, seemed only too glad to do his bit in beautifying the primeval forest. Gathered around each fire were girls busily engaged in the preparation for the evening meal. After the meal was over and the fires began to diminish, down the long trail could be heard voices going over the hill singing "Good-Night Ladies."

[Eleanor Pendleton—First.]

### The Eating Lodge

And the eating lodge! To the mind of the camper, not in all the world is there a piece of architecture so inspiring. In all its splendor, it sits enthroned on a hill-top, and a glimpse of its roof has sustained many a famished soul on the athletic field, because of the vivid picture of steaming potatoes, brown gravy, and hot rolls it recalls. It stands out clearly against the dark background of mountains, the windows glistening like bits of rock candy set in neatly-arranged rows of golden brown molasses chips. Its every appearance cries "EAT!" and every camper responds nobly to the call three times daily.

To see the dining hall filled is to see the campers truly themselves, with all their primeval instincts exhibited in their ravenous appetites which have suffered long under the repression of conventional society. The amount of food consumed by each camper varies from three to thirteen servings per meal, and were it not for Kicica, who, at the center of the room directly in front of the fireplace, is indeed "monarch of all he surveys" (and he surveys exactly even the minutest details), the average might increase to thirty-three. Each shining piece of silver reflects the Founder spirit; each

gleaming white plate, though it can stand upright on its edge, in the camper's sight, is unsurpassed by the finest of Haviland china. Even the furnishings are characteristic of steadfastness-to-a-purpose, and, like the Founders, serve the better for their simplicity.

[Estelle Freeman—White Birches.]

### Headquarters House

The great office buildings of Wall Street have nothing on our headquarters house! The old farm house sure serves its purpose. What would Polly do without his little ice cream parlor, news stand, stationery store,

camp and God. Two girls in middies and knickers, hair flying, limbs straining, eyes sparkling with fun, health and the surging thrill of being alive. Here they come, side by side, as fast as they can travel—toward the old well house.

Laughing and breathless they arrive on the cold stone floor. A moment they rest against the pillars with hot cheeks pressed against the sweet coolness of the stones! Then with eager hands they lower the old bucket down into the dark glowing heart of the old well—splash, right into the crystal coolness of the water.



candy shop, book store, post office, information bureau? I hope Polly's office hours will be more extensive next summer. And there's Dodson. What would he do without his little porch? Our leaders also partake of the commodities that this old structure presents. With all its different uses, I should call our headquarters house a full-blooded mongrel.

[Robert N. Sisson—Whittier.]

### The Old Well House

"Let's get a drink."

"Sure—Beat you over."

Summer, mountains, lake, forest, sky, youth, health, freedom, growth,

Up comes the bucket—they're getting their drink. Listen:

"Gee, isn't it marvelous?"

"The Old Oaken Bucket has nothing on this."

"And the Little Brown Jug can't touch it."

[Agnes Cordelia Howell—White Birch.]



### Camp Water System

The three facts that occur to me first when I consider the water system at camp are—that it is extraordinarily wet; cold after you have been in it and that it is plentiful. I know that it is wet because once on an exploring trip I fell into a pool up above the beautiful falls and although I was very warm before I went in, I was anything but when I came out! The camp water system is indeed extraordinary. The water is dammed on the mountain side far up Lost Brook Glen, from which point it is brought to camp in a long line of three-inch galvanized pipe.

before its remodeling, for a barn and architecturally, at first glance, that is its appearance. But look closer and you will see, why to every camper, it is "The Smiling Chapel." Two windows, up toward the eaves, cast sun-reflected twinkles down upon the camp, and the wide doors in the face of the building are a likely enough mouth, expressive of the joys to which it bids the campers.

Cheer radiates through its interior from a great native-stone fireplace. Delighting vistas give each side window an appeal of its own—one looking over the tent area, another down across the lake, one upon



The pressure is sufficient for fire protection and the camp is always assured of a supply of cool mountain water of one hundred per cent purity.

[Robert L. Brigden—Whittier.]

### The Chapel

Its original owners intended it,



woodlands and meadows and still others away across a magic landscape to old Bald Mountain.

The old building is both shrine and social center when the weather forbids outdoor worship and play. A wooden cross over the doorway is its symbol to the joys of worshipping together in a freedom that comes only to campers. Its walls and even its dingy rafters, up where Wadjepi's "skeeters" took refuge, hold innumerable fond memories of service and inspiration, of fun and frolic, which give the normal balance to camp life. And no camper, even those from Missouri, who ever sat in a circle at the indoor council meetings, doubted that the floor

was covered with the hardest wood in captivity.

Yes, a veritable temple of Merrowista memories is "The Smiling Chapel!"

[Betty Sholl—White Birch.]



### The Hut

The "Hut" is a cozy, snug little bungalow. Here you can usually find "Dad" Waite seated at his worktable, thinking up those great sermons of his. There is a small porch in front, and the main entrance is directly to the living room. In this room are found the usual chairs, tables, settee, fireplace and the other home-like belongings. Here it was that you had that talk with Kinji or Dad that you will never forget. The wooden walls are adorned, camp-like, and a touch of dignity and beauty is added that makes the building much beloved by all.

[Ben F. Evans, Jr.—Whittier.]

### Picking Blueberries and Blackberries

Since my last experience in berry picking I've been kind of scary of this idea of being out in the woods alone. I was picking berries one day but the strenuous labor encountered when berry picking soon tired me. I sat down on a nearby rock to rest. But! when I sat down the blamed rock felt like a pin cushion. In spite of my strenuous labors I got off the rock pretty quick. When I turned around to look at the rock it wasn't there. The seat of my trousers was as full of porcupine quills as though I had stooped over

and let a bunch of Indians shoot them at me.

[Earl Butler—Pacemaker.]

### The Council Circle

Then, council fire held in the midst of the primitive forest. From the clear fields of camp to the deepest of wood, thru a narrow winding path one stumbles upon the most impressive spot at night in all camp. The bow of seats, the council fire, then the frame of trees. In the intervals of camp doings come the murmur of the falls, the song of the whippoorwill and sometimes the call of a fox. The colors of the fire reflected on the faces of all the campers, the glimpse of stars above and the wonderful silence and peace are lasting thoughts of council fire.

[Ruth Hartzell—First.]

### The Camp as a Whole

Just imagine spending two glorious weeks there, two weeks filled to overflowing with work and play, amongst real friends, living so close to nature as to feel her very heart throbs. What could be more inspiring than life in the "great out-of-doors" with the guidance of leaders who, having found the Jesus Way, teach us how to find and how to live that way. The very atmosphere of camp seems to absorb the friendliness and sincerity of the natural beauty of surroundings and the result is that priceless spirit of a united fellowship. Those cherished weeks of camp mean memorable days of training for a great service, days of harmony with God, with nature and with man.

[Evelyn M. Seufferdt—First.]



## Camp Miniwanca

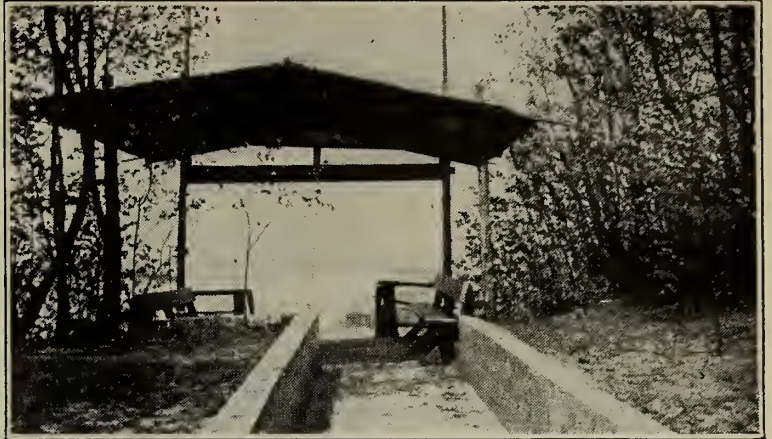
### Train to Chicago

We were Chicago bound and everybody got acquainted at once. Our next move was to the diner. Some "blew" themselves, others seemed to be saving for that lay-over in Chicago. After dinner the "vets" discussed previous trips and disciplinary measures for the "Freshies." All took a turn at the writing desk to drop "her" a line. Ask two "Freshies," who were overheard tipping the porter to wake them up as we crossed the Mississippi, what happened to them at 1:30 as they stood on the observation platform in their nighties peering at the "Father of Waters." After a peaceful night of disregard for QUIET signs, we pulled into Chicago full of anticipation.

[W. F. (Bill) Schmidt—Adwo.]

### Boat Trip

About six o'clock in the evening we found ourselves leaving Chicago on a large lake steamer called the "Alabama." After getting all our business over with (such as finding staterooms and washing our *maps*) we loafed out on the decks. Personally, it was the greatest experience of my



life to be on a lake steamer. The most popular place on the "Alabama" was the "Eating-Lodge," almost as good as our "eating lodge" at camp. We boys spent most of our time and money feeding our faces, although we did spend some time in the stateroom.

The most beautiful sight any one would want to see, was the sunset, from the boat in the middle of Lake Michigan. Suddenly, about two bells in the a. m., all was quiet and the Captain thanked his stars that

all the boys were in bed. Early the next morning we were rushed off the boat looking forward to other big experiences that were in store for us.

["Andy" Stevens—Adwo.]





### The Greyhound Bus Trip

After getting a bite to eat at Muskegon, we saw several long, low busses waiting for us. They sure were about the biggest and best looking outfits we had ever seen. Inside they were fitted with roomy cushioned arm chairs and later we found that they were as comfortable as they looked. A big, clean cut, gray haired man who was beside the busses, greeted us heartily. This man was none other but Dad Waite. In a very short time we were speeding out of town towards camp. We passed orchards and orchards and more orchards and some of us were beginning to wonder if Michigan furnished the world with fruit. We wound around and around till we couldn't have been able to tell which way we were going. We passed through several

small towns and after we left Shelby we met a truck with several fellows from camp to help us on our final trip to camp.

[Bill Swain—Founder.]

### Stony Lake

Stony Lake! What pleasant recollections it brings back of glorious afternoons at camp. Every blessed camper used to revel in its clear, wonderful waters. It is a blotch of magnificent, transparent blue, nestled in a great mass of green, for there are innumerable murmuring pines and hemlocks surrounding three sides of this little bit of heaven.



It possesses all the qualities that make Lake Michigan a wonderful lake, plus one more, namely, a pleasant warmth which the sun's rays give to the rippling waters. It is truly indescribable, so I can only say that you have a great treat in store for you in the form of this unexcelled little prize-exhibit of nature's!

[George E. Kerr—Forger.]

### Stony Creek

Stony Creek lazily winds its babbling way from placid Stony to mighty Michigan. Romantic stream, shady here, there full of light. Gurgling over



rocky beds, coquettishly flowing toward "Old Baldy," suddenly it swings back to its reeds and lily pads. Having barely kissed the edge of the piney slopes, it silently returns to hug and tease its sand crowned lovers. In moody reverie it slips under the old foot bridge and by the o'er-hanging trail, there in fancy still reflecting the dusky faces of Pottawatomie braves and maidens. Sullenly onward, through sandy channels, by dismantled piers, it passes out to larger Michigan.

[Vanna Louise Bewell—Dedicator.]

reached the topmost place and all was quiet and serene. We were awed by the scenes below us, we were awed by the wondrous beauty of the perfect sunset. We felt that "all was well and God was nigh."

[Genevieve Hunt—Kiwada.]

### **The View from Vesper Dune.**

When Moses stood on the mount and beheld, afar, the Promised Land, his eyes could not have gazed upon a scene more beautiful than that which each brave is privileged to see after he has climbed



### **Old Baldy**

"Old Baldy" whose summit is the goal of every hiker, the resting place for bird's-eye-viewers. Yes, it is bald as its name implies and is growing balder day by day. Its contour is continually changing by the evershifting sands. Oh! that Sunday evening last summer when a long line of laughing, talking girls slowly wound its way up—up, under a branch here, around a tree there, sliding back in the sand, pushing on again, until at last it

to the sandy summit of Vesper Dune. Whether Moses saw more than land we are not told, but the brave sees too, the "shining sea." At the evening hour he sees the sky, aglow in silent declaration of the glory of God; he sees the star and the crescent moon; he hears the wind as it breathes its evening meditation through the branches of the arbor vitae; his soul responds to the beauty of it all. Truly this is his Promised Land.

[Esther Warvel—Challenger.]

## The Ridges

Rising gradually from the beach and more abruptly back of the eating lodge and tent-areas are the ridges. Say, you should see those ridges! Some are gentle, timbered slopes, while others are steep as any mountain side; all are abundantly covered with heavy foliage. How beautifully fresh and green they look on a midsummer's day! What a wonderful sight they must be from above—such a boundless expanse of green—for they are mighty in extent. Merely running off our Treasure Hunt over those old ridges soon showed us they could never be included in a five-acre park.

[Donald B. Raymond—Adwo.]

## Lake Michigan

As we emerge from the cool depths of the old Pottawatomie trail we find ourselves standing on the top of a steep sand embankment that leads down to Stony Creek. Before us and beyond the broad expanse of low beach dunes lies Lake Michigan. And what a wonderful aquatic playground we have in Lake Michigan. We can wade out into the lake perhaps a full city block



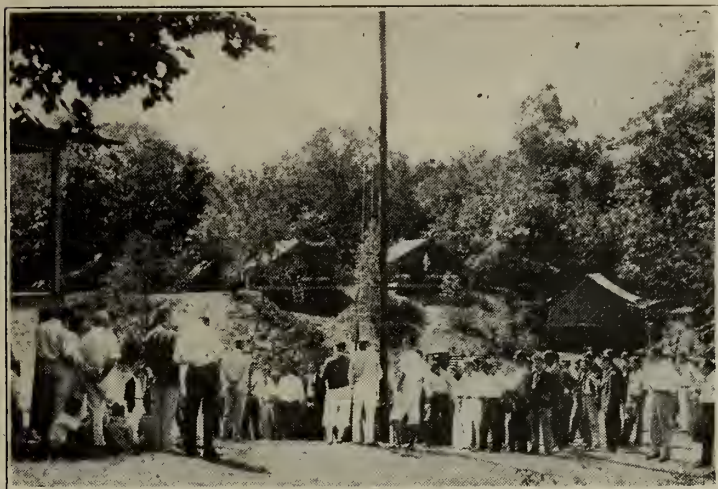
in distance before getting into water to our shoulders. This shallow "inshore" water with its fine sandy bottom, makes possible a great variety of water sports such as baseball, water tag, choosing sides to keep the ball from the opposing team, aquaplaning, riding the breakers, to say nothing of the fun we have on the broad sandy beach.

[Sara Steckel—Kiwada]

## The Broad Beach

O, the glorious sparkling sands on the beach of Lake Michigan! Again I can see the sand sparkle as we dashed to our morning dip; altho it held us back when we were hurrying, it was wonderful to play in. Can we ever forget the great times we had at our class parties, the night we sat on the beach waiting to challenge someone—"concerning the bacon," the "swimming" times we had in the sand when we played soccer? Then there were the "get-acquainted" parties—I can smell the weenies sizzling—and our corking council circles in the "sand bowl" were so much fun. Don't





our place of evening worship; these trees all help to make this camp a memory throughout the years of the lives of those who've been fortunate enough to attend.

[Helen Campbell—Seeker.]

### Strawberries and Cherries

If all the cherries consumed at camp were pitted, the pits would make a pile so huge that it would stick up miles and miles into the celestial heavens. But

all of us just crave to make our dreams a reality again this summer?

[Lucy Frances Field—Kiwada.]

this does not help to tell how we ate them. We ate them with the stems (that is, we pulled the

### Trees

"Only God can make a tree." One fully realizes the significance of this line of Joyce Kilmer's, after two weeks of delightful friendship with the trees of Min-iwanca. The stately birches, with dresses of white and yellow; the hemlocks, so protecting and beautifying to our out-door class rooms; the tall whispering pines that tell of hundreds of years of harsh winds which have whipped their branches all to the Eastward, and last the "tree of life," Arbor Vitae, which surrounds



stems off before we swallowed them), we ate them pitted, in dishes of juice and in clean little plates. Strawberries ran cherries a strong race for first honors and the short-





his table. I mean real food. The kind that you like, and makes you grow. And we had plenty of it, too.

The eating lodge we had at Minnawanka was the only large wooden structure that was erected for the camp last summer. It served the purpose splen-

cake had a *long* lead over other desserts. Of course the cooks did not burden us with shortcake, we sometimes ate the strawberries whole and unmashed.

[Philip F. Icke—Adwo.]

### The Eating Lodge

The Eating Lodge, Hot Dog! That's the place where we enjoy ourselves.

Yell? Say! You should hear those windows rattle and see the walls bulge.

We made it a point to get there three times a day, as regular as the clock struck 7:30, 1:00 and 6:00 o'clock. After we had given thanks for the splendid food we were about to have set before us(to eat), the noise begins, each group, tribe and state trying to see which could yell the loudest. As soon as the noise starts, the fellow at the end of the table goes to the kitchen where filled trays are waiting and carries in the food for

didly. We also used one half of it for our church.

As you enter the door from the front porch you will notice directly in front of you a wonderful fireplace with the Founder emblem



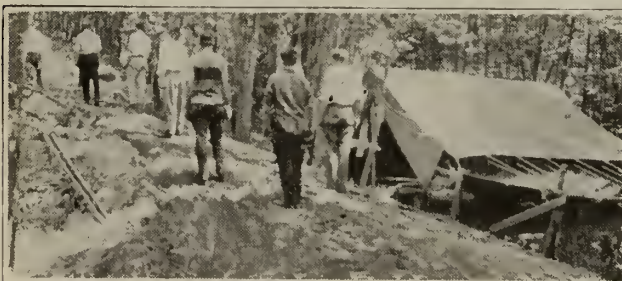
as the central figure.

The kitchen is nicely arranged, well equipped and presided over by a staff of good cooks.

[Glenn C. Reed—Defenders.]

### Sunset View

In our ramblings around camp one of the first places we run into is Sunset View, which is the name given to the big two story cottage which serves as the headquarters building. "Sunset View" is well named for it stands facing the west on the



first line of "back shore" ridges, from which point it commands a marvelous view of the broad beach and of Lake Michigan beyond. The big roofed arbor seat which is located in front of "Sunset View" and the broad porch of the cottage are popular rendezvous for leaders and campers.

[Albert Cleaver—Defender.]

### The Tribal Villages

The tents at Miniwanca have been so planned as to form for each tribe its own separate village with its own bay in the center. As you stand at the curve in the road near the trail up to Arbor Vitae Heights, you may see before you a number of small ridges closely wooded with tall graceful trees and against the green of their foliage the picturesque brown tents grouped around each ridge, beginning at the Navajo village and ending with the Susquehanna village—or "Sleepy Hollow," as it is more commonly known. Surely it is an entrancing scene (especially in the morning when everybody is frantically hurrying to tidy their tents and West Virginia is shouting "Who's 'got the Navajo broom?")

[Pearl Priest—Challenger.]

### The Ridge Road and Bridge

Our road! Do we realize just what that means? It symbolizes to us the road we are traveling as Founders in the Jesus Way. Just drink in the beauty of those huge trees standing with branches outstretched to us—God's messengers welcoming us with open arms to their dwelling place of centuries. Each turn of the wheels of our conveyance reveals a new beauty, and as we round a bend we are conscious of the cathedral-like woods—again we are impressed by the trees. They seem to be arranged in aisles which lead to a central spot where the leafy

canopy overhead allows glimpses of a cloudless sky—a sanctuary where one may draw nearer to our Friend Jesus. Another turn in the road—a slight dip, and we see the bridge—we see the bridge, but we remember lovely Stony Creek lazily gliding toward Lake Michigan; and with nature at her best in this one spot, we absorb it all slowly, finally becoming consumed with curiosity to explore the mysteries we are sure are hidden in the trail to which we can see just the entrance.

[Hazel Ross—Challenger.]

### The Pottawatomie Trail

There's nothing commonplace about the Pottawatomie Trail. It's here our feet stay put instead of trying to slip away from us. Years ago the Pottawatomie Indians broke away from their beaten path and blazed a trail through a community thickly settled with yellow and white birches and their neighbors, the beech and hemlocks. Then it became a beaten path. Their beaten path is our own road. For it was here—through the eyes and ears of Canwicasa—we walked to see and hear the beauties of the world around us. We certainly had to watch our step to keep away from his toad stool beside the trail. And remember the ethereal Indian pipe and the red berries of the American yew which stayed our hunger until the noon hour. (No, no, we didn't eat the Indian pipe.) Sometimes it rained and we were not sprinkled upon for our canopy of leaves sheltered us. You see, we had some of our classes out there. Classes were full of surprises! Will you ever forget when Guenn sat on the snake or the day Kodaya read one of his poems—all under the charm of the Pottawatomie Trail. To make space for wandering it is that camp was made so wide, but to make the journey back an adventure take the Pottawatomie Trail!

[Pearl Champe Thornton—Seeker-Vanguard.]

## "The Camps in Action"



### The Morning Watch

What a joy it is to start the day right! We have just been awakened and now we lie here seeing the sun stream into the tent and thinking of all the splendid things that may happen this very day. Little phrases from the Bible come to our minds as we lie thus quietly, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" and "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Then we slip our hand under the pillow and draw out the New Testament, read here and there a passage, and suddenly we feel a great peace within us and we know that whatever comes to us this day and whatever we may do, God is with us and we feel ready to go forward with a smile on our faces and joy in our hearts!

[Eleanor Richmond—Franconian.]

### Setting-Up Exercises

We stand there all ready for Captain to "set us up." As in everything, of course, there are some stragglers and Captain shouts, "Hurry

up! Come on, red bathing suit." At last we are *all* there and ready—probably shivering in our cold, wet bathing suits. Then, after flag raising and the "Star Spangled Banner," Captain gets us so warmed up with her 1-2-3-4, etc., we begin to wonder if we were ever cold. Oh, ye, there's Wadjepi taking some inevitable moving pictures of the event. Well, Captain keeps us going until it seems as though every bone in our body aches—and yet we feel so peppy—then "to the dip."

[Alice Haskell—Franconian.]

### The Morning Dip

"To the dip!" Away we go two hundred of us down that hard, stony dip road, racing and trying to pass the girls ahead. The faster we go, the fewer stones we feel. Have you ever reached the dock first? Just try it some time. The first group reaching the water has to wait for the others. We stand along the pier ready to jump in—waiting for



"Saxie's" whistle. Then in we go. Is the water cold? No! and if it was we wouldn't notice it. We are in the water for two or three seconds only—then out we get and up the path feeling peppy and fit for the day.

[Agnes M. Jack—Franconian.]

start the ball rolling. It is when we return home from the mountain top that we really give it its motion and find out whether we have learned the secret of putting new ideas into practise.

[Margaret L. Speare—Franconian.]

### Breakfast

Clang! clang! goes the gong for breakfast. Out of every tent flock girls adjusting head-bands, middie ties, etc. Soon all are gathered together in the great eating lodge. What a noise! The whistle blows. Silence. Then Kicica's voice, "the official time is 7:32 1-2." This is a signal for every one to set watches. Now Dad or Kinji gives the morning thought—so brief, yet so beautiful. That over, there is again much noise, this time organized cheering, singing and good natured raillery among the tribes and states, all of which is punctuated by the bringing in of food that is eaten with much gusto. Soon breakfast is over—again the whistle blows, announcements are made, and finally all rush out pell mell to clean up for inspection. Margaret Ann Riis—Franconian.]



### Inspection

Did you ever notice an inspector's eyes? The inspector, the merciless czar of the camp colony is possessed with an unusual mechanism that from the outside looks like a pair of ordinary eyes but is in reality a satanic combination of microscope, magnifying glass and X-ray.

That argus-eyed individual is just like the angels—always up in the air and harping on something. If it isn't pigeon-toed shoes under your cot it's a measly piece of string that has eluded the gaze of all your tent-mates and yourself. Just *try* and be smug! Plan your work, organize your cleaning, but *don't* relax and feel secure—the thud is sickening—your lamp chimney was dirty!

But you should see the unadulterated purity of the squaw and brave circles; tents as chaste as the beautiful driven snow; suitcases card indexed—truly your mother wouldn't know her own cheiuld. After "taps" the inspector is greatly to be feared. A light? Ghostly! A giggle? Horrible! Fun? Yessir!

[Gertrude L. Johnson—Balsam Firs.]

### Class Work

When the gong sounds for classes, whoever heard of anyone wanting to "cut" Kodaya's class in Christian Beliefs which met under the shade tree in the meadow? Or Dad Waite's talks about the Vocation of Living down in a nook in the woods? Or whoever pleaded too tired to go on one of those enlightening nature rambles with Canwicasa? Or who was not interested in studying the problem of really teaching a Sunday School class with Miss Lovett? Classes at camp are brief glimpses of new methods, new ideals, new aspects of life. Those who direct us just

### Assembly

Hark! What is this we hear? Violins, saxaphones, ukeleles. A very bedlam of tuning instruments—then came the old familiar songs, "I want to be Happy" and "I'm in love with Merrowvista." How those two hundred voices made Assembly Hall just ring with happiness.

But as assembly period was not all recreation, we obediently settled ourselves to listen to the reports of Kicica and Wadjepi, and a queer, creepy feeling enveloped us as we awaited the final decree of the heartless and austere inspectors. However, sad hearts or gay hearts could not resist the last song, "Evolu, and with Kicica's "Snap out it—two minutes till next class," the hall was instantly cleared and silence reigned supreme.

[Mildred Vickers—Balsam Fir.]

### Tribal Games

The tribal games are one of the many things which I will always remember about camp. In my four years at camp I have never heard any of the players crab about an umpire. Every tribe has a team and it is wonderful to see the way in which they pull together. The tribal games are a great help to the physical side of life, and they also help the religious side. I have always said that a fellow would play the game of life after the same code as he had been taught to play his games. As the tribal games are played under the highest code, I consider them one of the most important factors of camp.

[Harland G. Hogeboom—Ossipee.]

### Swimming Instruction

Let us look at what the American Youth Foundation Camps do for us in the way of swimming. First, they give us the very best and most capable instructors, who through their faithful efforts, insure us that

there is no danger in swimming, and that we too can learn to be good swimmers. Second, they take us as we come to the camps, as very few of us are able to swim, and they teach us how to swim, how to take care of ourselves and be at ease in the water. Is this not a great treat to be taught how to swim while at the A. Y. F. Camps and with such good leaders too? I'll say it is.

[John T. Nesline—Ossipee.]

### The Athletic Meet

We were a little handicapped because of our athletic field last year. But what in the world can you expect from a pioneer camp. This year everything will be in fine shape. If anything it seemed to spur us on to greater efforts. The field and track meet came the very next day after the aquatic meet, which was no child's play, believe me. It seemed as though you couldn't wear that bunch of Indians out. Everything was worked out to the letter. It was wonderful the way everyone responded with cooperation to run this meet off in record time. There were six events. Minnesota won five out of six first places and numerous seconds, thirds, and fourths for an overwhelming victory in "Marvelous Miniwanca's" finest athletic meet.

[Rudy Brandmo—Adwo.]

### Swimming Fun

Splash! and about a hundred bodies hit the water.

"Boy, this water is cold!"

"Gee, this is great!"

"Race you to the tent!"

Among these and many other ejaculations Camp Merrowvista took its morning dip. The water was just right to wake you up sufficiently to make you feel on top of the world for the rest of the day. And then, just after tribal games, into our suits and a mad rush to the dock for the afternoon swim. The dock was brand new and just right to dive

from. And then there was the diving board on the big rock that Waswa had so much fun fixing. And then the swimming meet, one of the most exciting times at camp! The races (I don't believe they ever did decide just who was a novice!) and the cheering—Oh Boy! it was great. Suffice it to say that the swimming is one of the best features of the camp program.

[Howard E. Waugh—Ossipee.]

### The Aquatic Meet

On a certain afternoon when the bell had been rung, bringing to end the last class period of the day, there was a mad rush to the tents. Bathing suits and caps were pulled on and in a few minutes down the old dip path raced the braves of the six tribes; for that afternoon the aquatic meet was to take place. The pier was loaded with girls singing and cheering harder and more enthusiastically as the races became more exciting. Every girl swam or waded with all her might and with the true Founder spirit won or lost with a smiling face. There were obstacle, back stroke, side stroke and even wading races; while Bosco and Captain from a row boat decided to whom the points should go. All afternoon these contests of speed and skill were held, while Wadjepi danced madly with his ever faithful partner, the camera, calling different ones to "hold that." Then it was time for dinner, and as we raced back, laughing as we went, we knew that in years to come we should remember that meet and that we should always be inspired by the spirit that had been shown there.

[Elinore E. Lewis—White Birches.]

### Post Office

Come with me now, and we shall see Camp Merrowvista's post office. Yes, that is it, at the end of the headquarters, where those laughing campers are crowding around the window. No it isn't mail time, but Polly, the

postmaster, announced at dinner that they had brought walnut cream from Ossipee this morning. See, here is the slot where we drop our mail in. Yes, you can see in now at last. That fellow is Polly and you can bet that he is every camper's best friend especially at mail time. He is not only the head postmaster, but chief letter delivery man too. Don't you think it's the jolliest post office ever?

[Jessamine Roberts—Balsam Firs.]

### Supper

And man! Those eats after a hard day's play and study in God's great out-of-doors. The luscious fragrance of mashed potatoes, pork and cabbage, or sometimes brown juicy roast beef, still lingers with me. Regular dollar-and-a-half dinners they were, except there was all you could eat instead of just a skimpy plate full as you would get in a restaurant. I don't see how Wad could get up such a wonderful menu at so reasonable a price. Soon the waiter dashed for "seconds" which quantity was as much as that which we had just devoured.

Nor shall I soon forget the Maori War Cry which always followed supper in which we tried our best to raise the roof of the great dining hall.

[Harvey E. Moore, "Dinty"—Juniper.]

### Hillside

We walk slowly, silently to Hillside and sit reverently until a youthful voice leads us in a song with the spirit of "Day is Dying in the West." We are in a worshipful mood as the "four-smoke" camper reads a selection with us. More deeply imbued with the worshipful spirit, we communicate with our Father God in the Founder fashion; each one praying his supplication aloud. The voices gradually die away; the camper leader offers an inspired prayer. Another song is sung, a challenging one, and out of

the dusk to us an adult leader, as a big brother, or sister, gives of his own personal experience to make it the best, most challenging and inspiring talk he has ever made. We feel the transference of his surging spirit to us; we close touched of God through man.

[Wm. J. Brookes—Juniper.]

### Night Doings

"Get them Mohawks," went the wild cry through the air that echoed back from the loftiest point of Big Black Snout; again and again from our post we heard the cry, until at last we heard a shout and laughter and the whistle to gather us together. For anyone that did not know a game was in progress might have

thought they were entering an uncivilized country, but it was the ending of a new game Kicica originated. Every night at camp holds something new for you in its folds of darkness. It may be a treasure hunt, a pirate and miser game or a night in the council circle. Every brave enters into the events with all the zeal and pep he possesses. The night doings at camp brings out of a fellow all that there is in him. It shows up the individual more than any other side of camp and it is here where the spirit of the camp works within you and develops many memories that always linger with you.

[Edmund W. Pickel—Ossipee.]



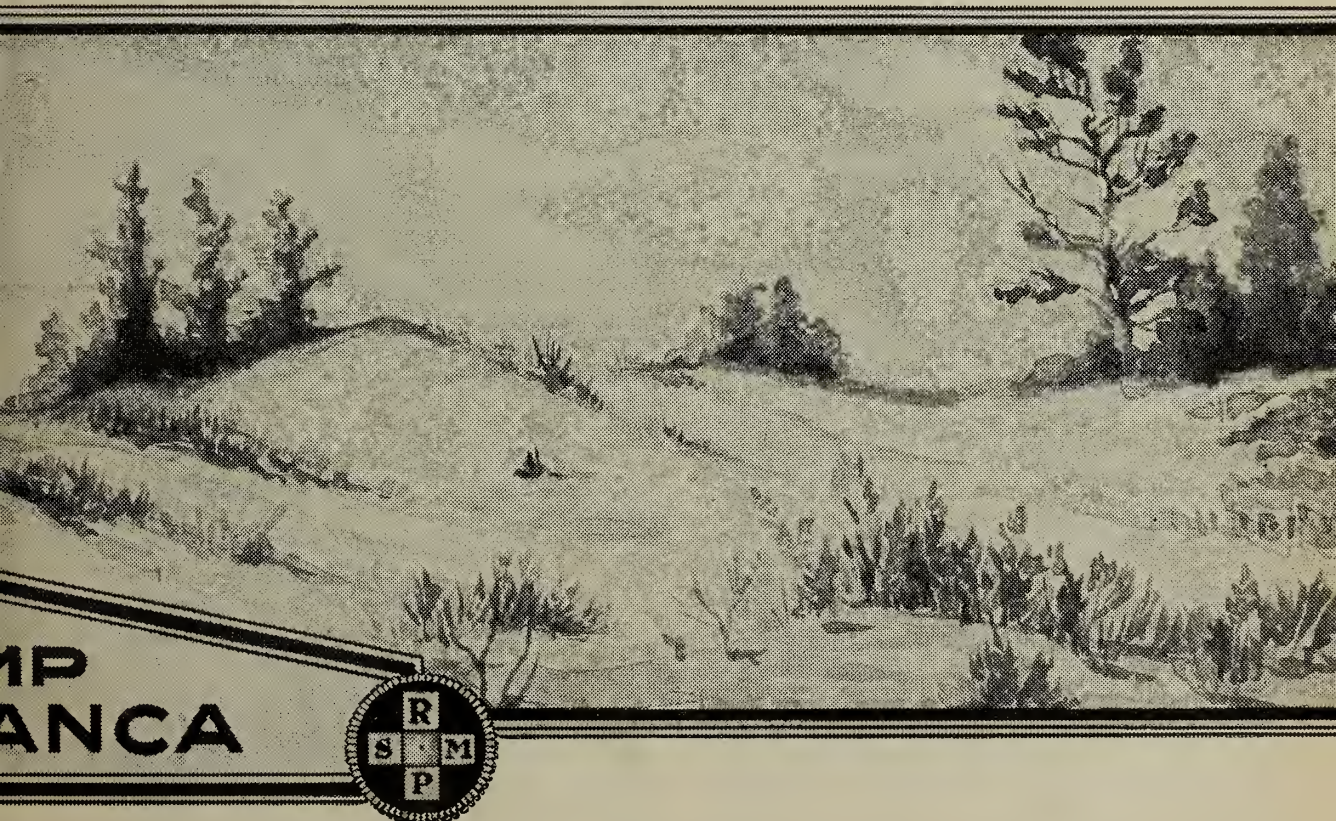
C  
MINI

### Hillside and the Star

Do I remember hillside and the star? How could such a magnificent thing be forgotten for surely even the most reserved person must be deeply impressed in that quiet hour at the end of the day. It made me think of my dearest friends at home. I did so hope that they were enjoying the star's sparkling splendor as it rose into the heavens, recently darkened by the departure of the sun. But even though they too were watching this small orb, I knew that they could not have anything so gorgeous as Old Baldy to guard its light until it reached a safe distance in the heavens. Yet the loss of the

beauty of nature was not as great as that of an even deeper inspiration. If only they could have fine leaders talk to them in the same earnest way that Dad Waite, Miss Lovett, Minisino, Kinji and Kicica talked to us! The thought of what my friends were missing helped me to make a strong resolution; I would take the messages and everything that could be carried back to those of whom I thought so much. In my own small way, I am trying to tell them of the talks and to envelop them in the atmosphere of hillside and so to answer the quiet and challenge of Old Baldy's evening star.

[Olive Grace Worden—First.]



## In and Around the Tents

As one glances toward the ridges, numerous brown khaki tents seem to be set right in the leafy nooks. You wonder how in blazes Wadjepi got them up among so many trees! Oh! what's that—look! it the color array on those tent ropes. You'd think that someone was doing some dying instead of some drying. Let us act the part of the inspector, Sandy, and see how the Crowfeet rate this morning. "Look! some lazy bird forgot to hang up his bathing suit—Yes! and there's an old pair of socks lying along side of it. What's this? Flaps down on a lovely morning like this—Never! Sorry, I can't grade No. 23 much. Here's No. 25. Looks like some one has been raking out here. Let's go inside. Those fellows must have gone to sleep right away last night; the floor is as clean as mother's. Aren't those cots arranged perfectly? Quite original. Hold on! what's this; a piece of antique furniture? Oh! No! I guess it's just a camp made piece of cabinet work—a table. And what's this? Quite an idea to nail a board between the poles for a clothes rack. I see now where all the lumber around here has gone to. Here's their grips in this corner. Let's see how much junk is in them. Terrible! *Abominable!* This one is much better. Say! Pard! those shoes aren't headed right. Ten points more off. What's the box of candy doing on this bed, wide open too. Hah! Hah! They think they can bribe me—hugh! well I'll fool 'em this trip—20 points off. Looks like some dirty bum tried to wash his feet on the step of No. 30. Here's something new—a wash stand between two trees. I'll be hanged! Well, that's worth something. There's a bit of paper around the tent. That cot must be one of the dog soldiers. Don't you see the "persuader" under the pillow? Hah! Hah! As a whole



this is the bunk! We'll tell the chief that he's all wet—seventy per cent.

[Myron D. Sunde, "Billy"—Adwo.]

## Character Analysis

Camper comrades, isn't it great to have an X-ray taken of our characters and then be able to develop them in the four-fold way? If it weren't for the questionnaire department at camp, which is experienced along this line of character analysis, we would all probably go through life as ordinarily as anyone, but NO FOUNDERS DO. After our interviews with the questionnaire staff we are told of our weaknesses and prescriptions are given us to fulfill during the year. Indeed, it's worth it. Not only are we more capable and active at camp the next year, but our whole lives, full and broad as they may be, are due to those prescriptions which encouraged us to enlarge our visions to accomplish more and greater things.

[Winifred Cheney—Challengers.]

## Leadership

Consider the remarkable group of leaders we have in camp. They work with us, play with us, talk with us whenever we want them to, in short, they actually live with us (and herein lies one of the secrets of the greatness of our camps). Every tent has a group leader who is chosen for his devotion and ability. The tent leader is always as close as an older brother or sister. The staff of leaders—specialists in their

lines—open their every resource to the command of the campers. Small wonder it is that after two weeks of spiritualized human contacts with such noble, proficient, self-sacrificing leaders, we should be started on the road to leadership ourselves.

[Robert A. Lundy—Forgers.]

### Courses of Study

The helpfulness of the camp curriculum after one's first year, makes one twice as anxious to be assigned to classes the second year, at least so I found it at Miniwanca last summer. Our first class with "Wikaca" of the refreshing New England accent made one ready for the rest of the classes. This class on "Worship and the Devotional" helped me to grasp the true meanings of each, and the wholesome class discussion is the most delightful part of camp classes, and every teacher encourages it strongly and joins in heartily. Then our other classes, and one never forgets them for a moment: "Kodaya" on "The Life and Letters of Paul" and "Christian Beliefs," Wikaca again on "Church Young People's Program," when we receive and pass on all kinds of programs most helpful at home. "Athletic Coaching," by the irresistible Horace, and practical work too, where we learn to hold a ball and also how to bat. And the thoughtfulness of our camp leaders in giving us the assembly period to break into studies in the middle of the morning, and Oh! everything so breezy and congenial, but Wadjepi only allows one hundred words and I could use up five hundred. But my advice is, "Come and see," this year sure!

[Lillian McNab—Kiwada.]

### A Sunday in Camp

Then comes that day of the seven which is "different." After those duties which help to make camp so worth while we go to church and

Sunday School. Oh! but such a Church and Sunday School—so interesting, valuable, well conducted and well organized that you are somewhat astonished at first at its beauty and completeness. The Sunday School is conducted by us girls; the service of the church by our preacher-leaders. The result is a repose of spirit and an inspiration to living. After dinner a group hike, a quiet walk along the lake, a stroll through the wooded dunes or resting and writing in the tents, forms a major part of the afternoon's program. After supper we trudge slowly up the dunes to Old Baldy, which commands the best view of the surrounding country. Here we receive from the soul of some dearly-beloved Founder-leader a message of life which we will carry with us to the end of the days. With the coming of darkness this day of days' ends with the different tribes seated around campfires on the beach, each singing songs to the others, or in quiet, group conversations to be hushed into sleep at the early ringing of the lights-out bell or the nightly tread of the camp inspectors.

[Lee-Olia Smith—Dedicator]

### Closing Night

And now comes the closing night, a night so filled with poignant memories as to be perhaps the most dear of all to the campers. We are gathered around the fire in the Council Circle. The four-fold fires are blazing not only in the center of the circle but in our hearts as well. Then Kinji gives us a chance to say what is in our thoughts and in a stumbling way we try to tell him what the leaders and the camp as a whole mean to us. And then after a little it is all over. And so must all lovely things be resigned to memory, but for such moments we are immeasurably drawn closer together. And in the heart of each one of us is the firm resolve to be our

very best four-fold selves in the Jesus Way.

[Lillian Rowland—Seeker-Vanguard.]

### The Program as a Whole

Imagine a program of living for two weeks which actually makes you live the other fifty more nearly the Jesus Way! And that is just what our camp program does! Swimming, hiking, playing soccer, volley ball and baseball and thereby "increasing in stature"; studying psychology of leadership, methods of leadership, Bible history, thus growing "in wisdom"; nights of "doings," fun in the dining lodge, living in tent family groups—all to make us able to gain the "favor of man"; but greatest of all that, fellowship of the Great Leader whose very presence is felt in morning devotions, tent devotions, hillside, in the sand, sky and water of our camp—increasing every member of the camp until we are more like Him. Such a program is ours!

[Mary Margaret Carothers—Seeker.]

### Continental Values

Feature Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, New York, Kentucky and Missouri living together in one tent. That is another thing that happens at Camp Miniwanca. Never before was the "Old Missouri Mule" so interested in Kentucky nor the staid Easterner so democratic as at camp. Of course radio makes distance as nothing but camp goes one better and makes it personal, for never did a senator sing the praise of his state as gloriously nor did neighbors ever confide as completely as these representatives did in their pow wows. So you see at the camp the term "far-reaching" friendship is made literal and the expression "broadminded" general. Fifteen rahs! for the Foundation Camps Continental Melting Pot!

[Julia Lee Cox—Dedicator.]

### Do We Have Fun?

Um in the morning  
Um in the evening  
Ain't we got fun  
Up at Miniwanca  
Everything is jolly  
Ain't we got fun?

From the morning dip till the time we climb up to Arbor Vitae Heights, each day is one round of fun, with Dad to warm us up in baseball and Saxie on hand to refresh our bodies and spirits in the cool waters of Stony Lake. We always have fun well mixed with thrills on the occasion of the bacon hunt and treasure hunt. The dark stillness of the Pottawatomie Trail is more impressive than ever before on the night of the treasure hunt. Do you think it would be fun to be called out of a sound sleep and told to go down to the beach? Well we didn't either until, half awake, we arrived at the council circle and found Kinji had put us to bed while they made hundreds of good sandwiches for us. Some girls had so much fun that night and were so good that they became ice cream angels before morning. We work our bodies and mental facilities hard for two short weeks but when we get home we are convinced that it's been the most fun all year.

[Mildred Congdon—Challenger.]

### Honest, Did You Enjoy Camp?

Honest, camp was the most enjoyable thing I have ever experienced! That great Founder fellowship was wonderful, the curriculum the most inspiring and the leadership and faculty the best on earth.

Each phase of the camp life seems more wonderful than the preceding one, just a bit more enjoyable than the other. The wonderful beach, the living in the open, the tent family, the tribal contests, the inspiring hillside, the well balanced table and the chance to find one's self each had its place in making

my stay at camp a real enjoyable experience.

[John A. Haeffin—Adwo.]

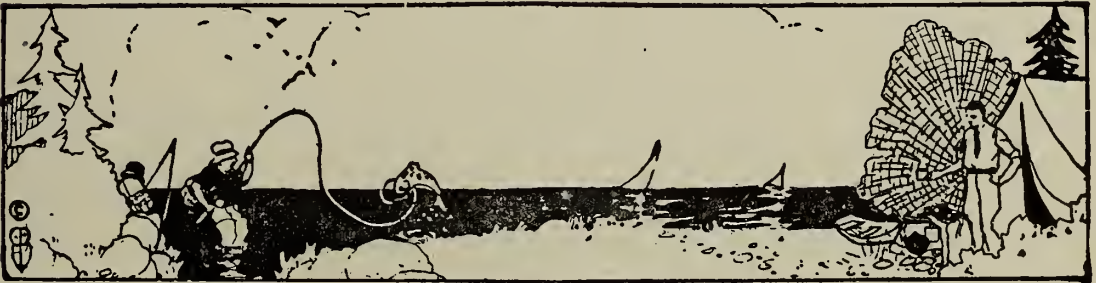
### What Is It All About?

What is it all about? Ask any Founder and he will tell you what it is about. Why, until I went to camp I could not tell you, to save my soul, what it was about, only what I had heard, but ask me now. I will tell you that it is the greatest thing on earth. What? "The Jesus Way" of Living. Challenge a boy or girl to live "the Jesus Way," as he or she has never known it before, that is, to live to the best that is in one; then you will see in that boy or girl a development of a richer and fuller life, serving others.



When a real opportunity comes to serve and to cooperate with others, count on a Founder. That is the spirit of our camps. We are not so much concerned in this world where we live, as how we are living. Are we living to our own best self all the time? This is the challenge. May we all live "the Jesus Way."

[John Martin Schaper—Forger.]



## What the Folks Back Home Say

*The Value of American*

*Youth Foundation Camp-Conference*

*Training as viewed by a group of prominent men and women*

A champion in me has the technique system of the American Youth Foundation's Camp program which fosters such creative study and play values, such wholesome group loyalties, all motivated by sound Christian ideals and producing such stalwart young leadership.

**By a Y. W. C. A.  
General Secretary**

We have had the privilege in the past two years of sending four of our students, two boys and two girls, to your summer camp. Each one of them have returned radiant from the encampment.

**A College  
President**

Each one of them has taken active and earnest part in all the life of Berea. I am persuaded that the days spent in your camp will mean much, not only to the students themselves, but to the life of the college which they have helped to enrich.

The American Youth Foundation Camps stand for INDIVIDUAL personal enrichment, socially, physically, mentally and above all RELIGIOUSLY. A REAL place for a LIVE fellow to FIND himself.

**An Educator**

The interpreted ideals of camp give the boy and girl a deeper appreciation of life and create within them a desire to put first things first.

**A Camp Leader**

Camp Conference training gives young people confidence in their own abilities. They are invaluable in the young people's program of the local church.

**A Director of  
Religious Education**

I found the American Youth Foundation Camp-Conference training filled with Christ's ideals of living and offering the greatest challenge to live the "Jesus Way" to both tent leaders and young people that I have ever experienced.

**A County Young  
People's Division  
Superintendent**

The Training received by the delegates from the Ottawa Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Joliet, Ill., to The American Youth Foundation Camp Conference has had a marked effect upon the usefulness, efficiency, and spiritual life of these young people.

**As a Minister  
Sees It**

I cannot speak too highly of the beneficial results apparently received by these young people and the splendid service rendered by them in the home church.

Ordinary appearing older boys and girls blossom forth into dynamic, aggressive leaders. Christian personality bursts forth under skillful leadership, the "Jesus Way of Living" becomes the driving force in their lives. These things and more one sees in a summer at the American Youth Foundation Camp Conferences. I always return to my work renewed in spirit, strengthened in purpose, and better equipped for the task that lies before me.

**A State Young  
People's Division  
Superintendent**

It is very clear to anyone having contacts with Kansas City churches that the trained young people coming through the young people's council program and the camps are the outstanding leaders in these various churches and are responsible in many instances for the successful organized departments operating. The pastor who does not feel that his church is being directly benefited evidently looks through blue glasses and does not acquaint himself with the facts of the case.

**Executive Secretary, the  
Commission on Reli-  
gious Education of the  
Kansas City Council of  
Churches**

My only contact with your American Youth Foundation Camps has been through university students who have attended and taken your training. If those that I have known are a sample of your campers and the product of the training that you give them in church work, you camp must be a real character building organization. Students who have been to your camp are among some of our best workers and seem to have gotten something that is found in very

**A College  
Church Secretary  
for Men**

few of the young people of university age. Their background in religious education is so much broader and deeper than the great majority of the other students. They seem to have a real purpose and goal in the work that they are doing through our church and young people's societies. They not only are very much in earnest, but also have retained their spirit of play and have taken it over into their university work. There is a certain buoyancy that seems to characterize them and set them apart from most others that we come in contact with.

I want to steer as many of our young people to your camps this summer as I possibly can for I feel that they will come back with a renewed feeling that religion must occupy a prominent and central place in their lives.

One of the biggest advantages of camp for me is that every summer it has been a checking-up period after one college year and a re-challenging experience to make the most of another year.

As a father of two campers, I cannot speak too strongly my praise of and appreciation for the work of the Camp Conferences.

In my experience, no opportunity for leadership training so closely relates itself to the program of the State Council for the Young People's Division as does your camp program.

Christian leadership training camps are made by the contagious personalities of their leaders. This accounts for the appeal which the American Youth Foundation Camps make to young people.

### ***Founders:—The Spring Drive is On***

Less than three months and the first Foundation Camps are under way. Now is the time to definitely sign up your prospects. Pick out the fellows and girls you want to line up for camp, send us their names and addresses and we will write them and send them literature. Everybody wants to go to camp. See that your friends get the *best* in training leadership and recreation.

*Merrowvista and Miniwanca—The Unmatchable Camps.*

## General Camp Information

### Camp Miniwanca

**Location** Camp Miniwanca is located forty miles above Muskegon in the dune forests of Michigan—on Stony Lake and Lake Michigan. There are 181 acres in the property.

**Dates** First Older Girls' Camp—July 28 to Aug. 13. Second Older Girls' Camp—Aug. 13 to Aug. 27. Older Boys' Camp—Aug. 27 to Sept. 6.

**Equipment** Eating lodge capacity 400; complete modern water and sanitary systems; fifty large waterproof tents with flys and board floors; headquarters building; additional equipment to be added this year.

**Railroad Transportation** Reduced rates of a fare and a third for the return trip on practically all points west of Buffalo and Pittsburgh, *Railroad Station, Muskegon, Mich.* Combination rail and boat rates also in effect.

**Boat Transportation** Campers from Chicago and points west and south can take boats at Chicago and Milwaukee to Muskegon and enjoy the wonderful boat trip across Lake Michigan. Special excursion rates for round trip.

**Automobile Travelers** Connect with M-11, Michigan's famous paved road, proceed north to Shelby from which point turn west and follow marked road to Stony Lake.

**Greyhound Busses To Camp** Campers will make the trip from Muskegon to camp (50 miles) in special chartered Greyhound busses—\$2.30 for round trip including baggage.

**Post Office and Telegraph** During camp season all mail and telegrams should be addressed to *Shelby, Mich., in care of American Youth Foundation Camps.*

## Camp Merrowvista

**Location** Camp Merrowvista is located on Lost Brook Glen and Dan Hole Lake in the Ossipee Mountains of New Hampshire. There are over 200 acres of mountains, meadows, lake and woodland in the property.

**Dates** Older Boys' Camp—June 28 to July 12. First Older Girls' Camp—July 12 to July 26. Second Older Girls' Camp—July 26 to Aug. 9.

**Equipment** Eating lodge capacity 350; large assembly and Recreational Building; headquarters building; thirty large waterproof tents with flys and board floors; complete modern water and sanitary systems. (All water used in camp is piped from a reservoir in mountains and tests one hundred per cent pure.)

**Railroad** Buy tickets to Mountain View, N. H. (110  
**Transportation** miles from Boston) on the B. & M. Railroad.  
*Be sure to ask for round trip summer excursion ticket.* Make inquiries regarding rates, etc., at local railroad ticket office well in advance of traveling dates. Communicate promptly with Foundation office if there is any difficulty regarding rates.

**Auto** Get Massachusetts and New Hampshire  
**Transportation** guide book and take best route to Mountain View (also called Center Ossipee). The camp is located five miles from the village along route marked Camp Merrowvista.

**Post Office and** Special attention is called to the fact that  
**Telegraph** post office is *Center Ossipee, N. H.*, while railroad station and telegraph office is Mountain View, N. H.

## For Both Camps

**What to Take** Full details will be sent all registered campers. For advance information campers should note that each camper supplies his own blankets, sheets, pillow cases and towels, ordinary old clothes, old shoes, gym clothes and swimming suit for boys and middies, bloomers, swimming suit and outing

clothes for girls. Do not load up with a lot of unnecessary and fancy clothes. These are not "dress up" camps.

**Camps** The American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences have registered delegates from all over the world. New Zealand was represented in the 1925 camps. Nearly thirty states of the United States and several provinces of Canada are already represented in the 1926 camps. Campers in the Foundation Camps have a wonderful opportunity to meet and know other young people from all parts of the continent.

**World-Wide In Outreach** The registration fee for all camps is \$3.00; one dollar to be paid with application, to reserve place; the other two dollars to be paid before June 10. Board and lodging for the full two weeks is \$25.00. The commissary will be under our own personal supervision. The best of food will be served on a non-profit basis.

**Registration Board and Lodging** The registration in the American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences is open to all Christian young people everywhere (ages 16 to 21 years inclusive), who seek the best in leadership training. Delegates may register as individuals, or as representatives of any organization operating in the field of youth. Old campers and leaders, pastors, Sunday School superintendents, directors of religious education or leaders in any religious organization may sign applications as guarantors. One dollar advance fee must accompany all applications. Registrations should be filed at once in order to reserve place.

**Who Is Eligible** The American Youth Foundation is a movement of Christian laymen and women who believe in youth and in the leaders who make up the directorship, headquarters, faculty and group leaders staffs of the Foundation Camp-Conferences, and are all prominent workers in their own local churches, Lawyers, educators, university professors, business men, preachers, directors of religious education, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries, professional men and women are numbered among the leaders in all of the camps. These leaders come from churches in rural districts as well as from churches in towns and the larger metropolitan centers. Thus there is brought

together for the direction, supervision and teaching of the young people who attend the American Youth Foundation Camp-Conference, a company of skilled workers with youth, the equal to which it would be hard to duplicate anywhere. The privilege of daily contact with these strong, virile Christian leaders is considered by many as one of the outstanding opportunities of the camp-conferences. The American Youth Foundation offers this service to the youth of America, to the home and to the church without reservation, the only condition being that the older boys and girls who register in the camps are Christians and members of the church, as well as potential leaders.

**A Specialized  
Training  
Service**

Through years of association together in camp-conference work, the large group of leaders of the American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences has developed a special technique for the discovery and training of youth for volunteer and professional Christian leadership, which has resulted in a great host of young people finding their place in the leadership of protestant churches all over the land. The specialized service that this group of leaders has rendered to the churches of America has met with wide-spread approval of forward-looking church workers in all parts of the continent. Thus, a prominent Sunday School superintendent in New York State writes—

“As a superintendent of a large Sunday School, I certainly want to express my appreciation for what you did for our young people. We paid their expenses but they have paid it back several times by the service as well as the spirit they have placed in our young people’s department. We have a young people’s department of about 130 and it is run almost entirely by the four campers of last year.”

The American Youth Foundation is not connected officially in any way with any organization either denominational or inter-denominational. The Foundation Camp-Conferences are high grade, independent religious educational young people’s training centers.

The Foundation Camp-Conferences are to the camp-conference field what Yale, Harvard, Smith, Vassar and other independent American educational institutions are to the field of general and specialized education.



## The Sands of Miniwanca

*By Earle A. Brooks*

**F**EW experiences that I have had in all the years of camping have impressed me more than the walks on the sands of Miniwanca. A great many other experiences have been in-

structive and delightful, but there is a charm in the wastes of sand that has a unique fascination for those who have walked along the great dunes on the shores of Lake Michigan. As the campers strolled over the musical sands, tracing the tracks of insects, birds, reptiles and mammals; watching the struggle of life; observing the conquering power of the dunes as they swept over swamp and forest; and looking backward, now and then, to the waves, they were moved with a strange sensation of wonder and worship.

No one who has walked over the grounds of our camp can forget the impressions that were made by our hikes to the top of "Old Baldy" or to the nearer Arbor Vitae Heights. Everywhere there is sand. Sand that tells a story of the wearing away of great igneous rocks somewhere and in the long ago; sand that moves constantly though slowly; sand that provokes us because it is always in our shoes and over our garments, and yet pleases us because of its great beauty.

Some of you, who read this story, may remember how the grains of sand appeared under the magnification of a microscope. There were particles of many colors and sizes. Some grains were of crystal quartz, others were milk-white, some others were pink or brown, or red or black. All looked like gems and, to those of us who love that favored spot, they are real gems of highest worth. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene" the sands of Miniwanca hold. I wish we might study them more.

Then, the ever-shifting dunes, vagrant heaps of millions of grains of sand, challenge our interest and our study. There is evidence that both Arbor Vitae Heights and Old Baldy are moving constantly toward Stony Lake. In many places there are old dead trees that were killed by the moving sands, and, near our rendezvous on Arbor Vitae Heights, the trees are now dying as a result of the great volumes of sand that are lodging about their trunks and smothering them. The long draw running from the shore of Lake Michigan to the top of Old Baldy, intercepted here and there by a transverse dune, is an evidence of the way in which the sands move on.

Growing on the sands are the beach grass, the beach peas, the beautiful yellow Gromwells, the dainty, venturesome sea rocket that braves the sand and the waves and grows almost down to the water's edge, the pale thistles, and many other flowers that suggest desert conditions. There are the shrubs also, and these are almost as interesting as the herbaceous flowers. Do you remember the clumps of sand cherries and common Juniper that grew far out on the dunes? Occasionally a tree was found down a little way in the sand, but not far.

Then there were the pale-colored spiders, grasshoppers and toads—all forms that are peculiar to sandy places. The tracks of many creatures could be traced every morning, bearing mute witness of travels and tragedies in the night. The little black wasps chased over the sands constantly. Once in a while an observer might see the death-tackle made by one of these little wasps upon a dune spider. Quick as a flash the deadly sting of the wasp would be inserted, the spider would relax from his dose of paralyzing poison, then away to the den that the wasp had prepared in advance. Everywhere stories of adventure and struggle were written in the sands. Next day the wind would blow and all would be obscured. Then would come another night with its writing on the sand of the tales of life and death that go on unceasingly. But out of all comes renewed life, and finally, the sands will settle and enduring hills will be formed.

I want to go again and walk on the sands of Miniwanca, and I hope there may be a host of young people to join me there that we may walk once more from dune to dune, from hill to hill and on up to the higher places of life and of God.

## With the Leadership and in the Classes at the 1926 Camp-Conferences

BY RICHARD LAWRENCE GREEN

ANY of you fellows ever been in the classes at Camp Miniwanca or Camp Merrowvista? If you have, you've got a new idea of class work; let me tell you. When I was invited to go to camp the first time and was told it was a training camp with regular courses of study, I just naturally wasn't interested. To please a couple of fellows I liked pretty well, I went under protest with my mind made up to go light on the class periods. Well, the fellows had the laugh on me for when I struck these classes, I found them so all-fired interesting that I grudged Sunday, even as interesting as the Sunday doings are. If high-school or college work could get hold of a fellow like those camp classes and teachers, I'd be sporting Phi Beta Kappa credentials and stand in with the faculty.

One of my girl chums, who cares less for school than I do, tells me that the same thing is true of the Girls' Camp. She said, "You wouldn't believe it, Dick, but I just hated to hear Kodaya or the other teachers say, there goes the bell and we'll have to let this go over to our next class period. Dick, it was just so disappointing that all of us girls just groaned, and it was the same at the end of the next class. They sure know how to teach up there and just what we girls want to know." And she is right as right can be. The camp with its courses of study and its big teachers and leaders were built for fellows and girls like us.

When I went up to camp the first time, I was as skeptical as I could be. I didn't want any more knowledge, especially when there was water to swim in and athletics to take part in. I took my tennis racket and my fishing tackle to be sure of a good time and I knew if everything else was punk, I could row a boat anyway. Would you believe it, fellows, I never had my racket out of its case and I didn't get a fish. No, don't grin so foolishly. There are oceans of fish running loose up there. Hot doggety! The first time I dove into Stony Lake, I stunned several of them. The fish are up there all right and you can catch real whitefish in Michigan, but from the start off on the first night in camp, when Kinji set the ball a-rollin', there were so many things that gripped a fellow,

one after another, from a. m., to p. m., I just didn't have the time to get down to common things.

That class work I was so shy about! Suff'rin' catfish! It was the greatest stuff that ever came my way. Just think of me, will you for a minute, getting dippy over the Bible, will you? Yes, laugh, you hard-boiled, long-eared Missouri mules! Believe me you don't know what a book the Bible is till Kodaya from Boston starts you in on it. After the first session, I had to take both hands to get my mouth shut. It had been hanging open for fifty minutes so hard that it ached. The same is true about the Four-Fold life with Dad, and with Canwicasa and the other teachers. The first day I didn't get many notes down, I was so up in the air gulping in things I never knew existed. It was a good thing, too. When they told me about taking notes, I bought myself a thirty-two page vest-pocket edition of a note book. You ought to see the three big note books I bought at the camp store, one at a time, inside of two weeks. They are my life-savers now. Why just the other day, our Sunday School superintendent wanted to know the standards for a young people's church department. He thought he would have to send to our denominational headquarters and was tickled to death when I gave him what he needed and plans for the whole works. Those note books sure made his old eyes pop wide. Then, too, they had the nerve to take a chance on me at the big young people's conference we had a couple of months ago. The program looked pretty good with the subject "What to do between Sundays—by Richard Lawrence Green." Some program, but my knees didn't feel any too good. They were applauding the idea until I fished out of my note book the fifty-two suggestions for putting pep and ideas into an organized class of through-the-week meetings. The gang thought I was smart all right until I told them that everything I gave them came from camp. Then they registered for next summer and forgot about my brilliant stunt.

Camp is sure some training place. You get what you need and want without knowing it, until you wake up. The leaders don't tell you that you are going to get woozy with real ideas. They just set you loose and fill you up before you get on to the stunt. Then you get hungrier for their dope than you are for dinner—and you should see us at dinner. Boy, that's the place where I satisfy my appetite at least once a year. And, without kidding, I get

hungrier in the classes up there at camp than I am in the eating lodge for food. It is sure sport to get training the American Youth Foundation way.

What do you study? Everything that puts a grip under you to help you get next to yourself and be a leader. When you are going to do the 100-yard dash you want to get a good toe hold, don't you? Well the "Christian Ideals" or the Bible facts you get there put chains on you to keep you from skidding. The "Personal Foundations," though, give you bed-rock ballast. Here's where you get hep to yourself and find out how to get right, balanced and going. "Personal Enrichment" they call it at camp, and you sure feel just the way you do when you've got your pocket full of money, after you're stored up outdoorscraft, know the best way to keep yourself steady through keeping in touch personally with the better things of life and can appreciate pictures and good writing. A fellow doesn't have to be a dumb-bell to be a he-man. Then the "Leadership Activity" as they call it. Just telling you what to do when you get back home in your church and community organization. It sure helped me to make our superintendent wise and to cut a swath for me at the young people's conference. When I have 220 hours of this and get my American Youth Foundation Diploma, I'm not going to do anything but boost this young people's game, believe me!

Wish I had time to tell you about the leaders and teachers, but Wadjepi asked me to write an article and not a book. Anyway you've got to meet them to know them. A ton of write-ups wouldn't do them justice. Kinji, Wadjepi and Dad are the three directors. They're the boys that put direct in directors. If you want to see how to make things go, hang around these three babies, whether they are throwing kicks into the bunch or beating it by running bases. Minisino, a big business man, at the head of a thirty million dollar outfit, is just as peppy and can tell a fellow what to do to make good quicker than most people. Then Kodaya and Kicica and Canwicasa and Van and Fletch and —! Say, fellows, I'd better quit. These men are all big fellows! University professors, ministers, teachers, directors of religious education, and everything! But they are all real birds and give you something that bucks you up just by chumming with you. I guess I ought to make an apology or something for talking about them

that way. It might be misunderstood by you. They wouldn't misunderstand because we're just one big family up at camp and they are so genuine that they don't need to put on airs and we know it.

What's the use? Anything I'd write about these leaders and teachers of ours up at Merrowvista and Miniwanca couldn't describe them. They are too big for description. Tell you what—I'll recommend you on your registration card for next summer's camp and you can see for yourself. What say? All right, fill it out and I'll bet you two bits that my little old John Hancock as your guarantor will let you in. Come to think of it, I'm taking all the chances but I think you'll make good. Any rate, let's go!

### *Mr. Prospective Camper:—*

You have the whole camp story and I know you are saying to yourself "That sure does sound great; I certainly would like to get in on it myself."

Well, it *is* great. Thousands of outstanding fellows and girls all over the continent, and, in fact, throughout the world, hail their camp-conference experience as the greatest thing that has ever come into their lives.

Your friend who put you next to this camp prospectus is a real friend of yours. *He is putting you next to a great thing.* Take his word for it. He knows.

You are probably asking the question "What kind of fellows attend these camps?" The answer is "high grade, big calibre, ambitious fellows who want to have a whale of a good time and at the same time know that they are getting something that will develop their leadership capacities. Forty per cent of campers are college men, a big percentage are fellows already in the business field and making good in a big way.

Nationally known athletes, business men, lawyers, doctors and educators have received their big life incentive in our camp-conferences. You have your big place to fill in life. You want to make good one hundred per cent. Your experience in the Foundation Leadership Training Camp will give you that, *plus* equipment that produces confidence and assures your success, no matter what your life work may be. It will also make you one of a great circle of successful fellows and girls who are not satisfied with the commonplace in life but are constantly reaching out for the bigger and finer things. This is your big chance. For your best self, don't pass it up.

## “Bosco”

*Who also is named Ruth A. Carter*

TWO periods of varied service during her most impressionable years, when she saw all degrees of degradation in individual and home life, yet without the slightest tinging of that perversion which has drabbed the attitude of so many social service workers. Out now from sharing in the worthy endeavor to salvage human derelicts she is directing the building of ships and seeing that only those materials are used which will insure their weathering life's fiercest storms.

Ruth Carter has become a marked leader, but it hasn't bothered her a whit, though many young people have been elevated to self-extolling when circumstances drew their light from under a bushel and put it on a candlestick. Dazzled by the power within their grasp, they have pushed themselves to the center of every scene, brushing aside their associates as mere stage-hands and even taking unto themselves recognition and praise that were intended for lesser members of the group.

Yes, Ruth Carter has climbed—is climbing—yet in her ascent she is not elbowing others out of the way but rather is drawing them up with her. She refuses to be “lionessed” and constantly manifests that priceless tact which just will not hurt the feelings of less successful aspirants for a place in the limelight.

“Bosco's” own words give an inimitable autobiographical flavor to her life-story: “I appeared on this here earth June 21, 1900, though I don't just recall it. The incident happened in the big city of Cambridge, Mass., where I later secured my mental development, such as it is, until college days. The rest of my gray matter was called into use at Boston University in the School of Religious Education, beginning with the fall term, 1918, and ending in June, 1922, when I walked out with a B. R. E. degree. This is the skeleton of those ‘adolescent days,’ but there was lots of flesh on the bones in the way of some real life—such as basket-ball teams, camps, clubs, and real work in the way of ‘cash-chasing.’

“After walking out of the college doors with my degree, I walked into the editorial office of the American Baptist Publication Society in the City of Brotherly Love, where I tried to distribute all my ossified knowledge through the written pages of their works. But

my pen wore out (of course not the knowledge) and I 'journeyed northward to the land' of the Mainiacs to attempt to do some of the things I had been telling others to do." And there she is now the young people's superintendent of the Maine Council of Religious Education.

Her camp-conference relationships have been alive in their helpfulness. Great as a camper, greater as a leader, greatest as a Founder, the fourfold living of Ruth Carter has chiselled her name high and deep on the record-panel of the "outstanding."

Here, then, ends our glimpse of "Bosco," whose glowing life is lighting the trail, particularly the dark spots, for the onward march of questing youth.

—R. A. W.

### *Readers of the Four-Folder!*

Have you secured your Founder medal? It's a perfect gem. Your medal is awaiting you. Write for it today. Hang it on your watch chain. Wear it on your fob, attach it to your wrist watch strap. It's a work of art. Anyone may wear one who believes in the Four-fold life. One Founder writes "Wearing Founder medals has become the big thing in our community—everybody wants one." You need not have attended camp to wear this beautiful medal. You just indicate your desire to stand shoulder to shoulder with the thousands of older fellows and girls and men and women who are trying to "Be your best self all the time" and you qualify as a Founder. There's strength in numbers. It will mean a lot to you to know that you are a Founder of the Founders and one of a great fellowship of choice people who believe in "the best" for yourself and others.



Your medal makes you truly *belong*. Get yours today. Send in your enrollment fee of \$1.00 and your medal will be mailed at once.

P. S.—Kinji says his team will win.

Dad says, "No, mine will win."

Wadjepi says "Haw haw—watch my team."

Let's go.

## To "Bosco"

**T**O YOU, Ruth A. Carter, the expectations of fourfold development have been no delusion, the hopes of widespread usefulness more than a dream.

The honor is yours of successful endeavor in wedding the authority of scientific learning to the insinuating magic of unfelt influence.

You are ideally human, taking life just seriously and just humorously enough—as a girl should. A true golfer in spirit, if not in actual play, you seem ever to be arranging four-somes for those who are too backward to arrange them for themselves.

You are an example in your buoyant relish of the healthy open air sports, in the rejoicing sympathy of your increasing fellowships, 'in your crest-of-the-wave or trough-of-the-sea or smooth-water sailings on the intellectual ocean, and in your cheery intimacy with the varied voices of the Providence who has been your guide.

There must be heaps of fun in being "Bosco," the chief of chiefs in the "Mayflower" Camp-Conference.



RUTH A. CARTER



M. GUY VAN BUSKIRK

## To "Van"

**Y**OUR crusading spirit and gift of leadership appeal to those of us who have pioneer attitudes. Your forceful habits of thinking and speaking make us very much your debtor.

Some of us have been privileged to partner with you in the beginnings of things. We have shared inconveniences and have enjoyed worthwhile privileges. The duty of the day has been seasoned with spontaneous mirth and the conference room has often been made bearable for us by a Saturday afternoon football game. Together we have noted religious obstructions to Christian progress and have prayed over the spirits' evidence in adventuring youth. In it all you carried your full share of the burden for Jesus' sake.

In camp, you have proved your helpfulness. In days that looked dark, you have gleamed your comfort. You have always supported progress and unflinchingly have stood for truth and right. You are no time-server but stand loyally for principle. Is it any wonder your name of "Van" is so significant to us, for it is there we always find you when "loins are girded."

## “Van”

*Who also is named M. Guy Van Buskirk*

THE reader is entitled to his suspicion that “Van” is of old Holland-Dutch stock. However, it was thoroughly Americanized before our hero was born at Memphis, Mich., on July 21, 1890. In other words, “Van” is an American of Holland design.

Three years after his birth, “Van” was conveyed by the family to Sammla County and allowed to grow up among the pine stumps and sand. In due time, he was graduated from the country school, completing his preparatory and college courses at Hillsdale College. His graduate work was done at the University of Chicago.

The ministry was the objective of “Van” in all these “get-ready” years and three pastorates in the Congregational division of the Protestant Church have benefited by his ministrations. He is now in the third of these pastorates at Oneida, Ill. “Van” is no ordinary, regular, ordained minister. He is the exponent of the social gospel and an ardent *Founder*, who is forever talking The Jesus Way. Interested in every public improvement, he is a shepherd of this world’s good and is not over-disturbed by other world objectives. The Kingdom of God is a very, real and present condition of everyday life to him. So he proves a wise shepherd and a useful minister to his congregation. A visit to his study or a look into his travelling bag would reveal the best of the world’s thinking, both old and the latest. He is an avid reader and thinker and is mentally a “bear for work.” To this he adds the practical bent of the accepted Dutchman and is a working factor in every rural betterment. Country problems of thought and life are more attractive than those of the urban population. He readily agrees that “God made the country and that man has made a mess of the city.”

In Congregational circles “Van” is much courted. In this independent section of protestantism his love of truth and its fearless defense against overhead direction is both welcomed and disliked. His counsels, unselfish as they are, are usually followed. “Van” is the teacher-preacher type and is more concerned with content than style, although the latter in his case is good. In his rural ministrations, theology is reserved for speculation. He

finds the principles of The Jesus Way better guides to crop-raising, butter-making, dairying, cooperative marketing and character development.

"Van" is essentially an educator. He unconsciously employs the orderly, logical methods of educational procedure. He is a gain to an educational conference and a disturber in a ministerial association. His exhortations are educational "impulse-loosing." He is scholarly, not pedantic. His feet are on the soil but the Jesus principle is in his soul.

"Van" had one try other than "pastoring." For several years he was superintendent of young people's work for the West Virginia Sunday School Association. Here he ably laid foundations for modern religious education methods among young people and at the same time gratified his desire to work largely with youth. The "call of the road" in state supervisory relations proved a stumbling block to home life and he later tried his hand at the directorate of religious education in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of Huntington, W. Va. Here he found that it was hard to "pour new wine into old bottles" and soon decided that the independent pastorate offered larger opportunity to really carry on religious education. At least, he did not have to educate an un-educatable overhead.

"Van" is a graduate of the International Sunday School Association Training School, as of 1917, and he taught for three years in its young people's division. The season of 1926 will be his ninth year on the camp-conference faculty, where he is a well-deserved favorite of campers and directors. He is a friendly, helpful, inspiring companion and just such a man as a fellow would want for a pastor. We like to call him "Van," which means to us all that a loyal friend can be and also a constant challenge to personal improvement. The minutes take on a new value, when he is a part of the company.

—J. L. A.



### **Tempus Fugits But Never Fudges**

Read a query in a March letter and profit:—

"If it is not too late for this summer's camp, I would like to try and complete my prescription."

Happily for some few there is still time and each day brings its reports of the successful meeting of the questionnaire requirements. Who's next?

## Chats With Dad

### *Poet-Pictures of Founders*

*"Thank God no paradise stands barred  
To entry, and I find it hard  
To be a Christian, as I said!"*

*(Browning.)*



The tests of life are God's compliments  
to man.

God controls the rocks through gravity, the bees through instinct, but man, fashioned in God's own likeness, is the child of will-freedom, and God governs a personality through that personality's own choosings. Raising the moral levels of the "oughts" of life is therefore the working out of individual and community salvation.

The day has passed when we can talk about being clothed with righteousness, as though God were a "ready-to-wear" wholesaler who would fit a new garb gratis to each bargaining customer. Character is not an outer adorning. Quicken faith, hope, and love on the inside and the outside will take care of itself. It is as useless to seek to make man strong or brotherly or wise or worshipful by legislating that he be so as to dress up leafless trees by tying paper flowers to the bare branches.

Going, now, the sanctity of Sunday, reverence for the church, purity of conscience, and clarity of moral judgment? No, emphatically no! Every interest that engages the young people of today is on a higher moral plane than it was twenty-five years ago and youth is still fronting man's spiritual enemies, arousing anew every energy in loyal breasts with their shout, "Thy God hath commanded thy strength."

—R. A. W.

# The Look Out

## A Vantage Point for Leaders of Youth



**R**ELIGIOUS education is adrift at present. There is much talk concerning a great new program, but it is mostly talk. There is, however, much scurrying to and fro, much conferring and calling of conferences, and much appointment of committees and commissions. The evident desire is to report something that will look good enough to warrant another period of patience from the rank and file of workers, while the drift goes on in the hope that something favorable will take place before the next term ends with its inevitable accounting. The Community Churchman of January says, "There is grave need, also, of some simpli-

### Religious Education Drifts at Present Waiting for Future Developments

fication of the overhead organizations that seek to federate religious activities in various lines. One can mention only a few interests such as home missions, religious education, temperance and social service to suggest how many mahogany desks are being maintained by the churches to no purpose. The local church is driven by importunate appeals from every side. The ministers are tired of being collection agents for this vast and intricate system. It is one thing to be 'missionary.' It is another thing to be blacklisted by ardent secretaries on every side for lack of cooperation. The federal council should gradually absorb these various interdenominational agencies." In the meantime, we drift and there will be the usual speech-making, cause-magnifying and youth-exploitation to the end that another term of office may be voted 'to research, to merge, to scientifically hedge religious education with educational red tape.' The great new program will be again heralded, although as yet it is not even

conceived. What is new in religious education? Only one thing—the extension of religious instruction from the Sunday into the *week-day school*. All else, leadership training, young people's and children's work, etc., are old a decade and more. Further, men's work and teacher-training have suffered a relapse of ten years. So we drift and employ the camouflage of committee, commission and convention, while childhood and youth steadily pass by.

There are, however, some signs of the times showing through the drift but with little indication of the direction religious education is going. A school of religious education, named the Michigan School of Religious Education and independently incorporated but sympathetically affiliated with the University of Michigan,

**New State  
Schools of Religious  
Education and  
State Church  
Federations as Signs  
of the Time**

is now in its second semester. Credits are given University rating and recognition. A "William O. Thompson" Foundation is being planned at Ohio State University in honor of its President Emeritus. Courses of Religious education are to be given under the direction of the

foundation. At the University of Iowa a school of religion, similar to the Michigan School of Religious Education, is being projected with the dean of the college of liberal arts as the president of the board. Thus three state universities are blazing new trails in the training of religious workers. To those who hold that the future of religious education rests in the hand of the trained, professional worker, this is welcome news. Those, who are hoping for a renewal of the voluntary leadership of older days, the movement under the federal council to promote state federations will be viewed with enthusiasm. The policy of local autonomy supported by the Federal Council of Churches promises relief from the autocracy of overheads. Maybe under the federation, the voluntary leader may again come into his own under the direction of the trained professional. We are adrift, but there are signs of the times.

**T**HE LOOK OUT notices with some pleasure a new publication in the field of religious education. The Church School Journal, continuing The Sunday School Journal, made its first appearance in January. The February number is especially attractive with

### **The New Church School Journal**

leading articles by Stout, Coe, Mayer, Inman, Fergusson, Bishop McDowell and others. Professor Mayer's article on Young People and Citizenship is worth reading. "The Church School," a monthly magazine published by the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Congregational Publishing Society, suspended publication in favor of The International Journal of Religious Education. The substitution of the name Church School for Sunday School in the title of the new magazine evidently ends the former suspension. At any rate the publication, so far, is high grade and promises to meet a denominational need.

**L**EADERS of youth should not fail to read "The Findings of Mogwei" in the Community Churchman of January. It is decidedly the cleverest, in-seeing bit of current writing. Causes and Banners and Colors and the Sage, each have their mention.

### **The Findings of Mogwei in the Community Churchman**

It is a whimsy, a parable, a satire or a warning according to the condition of your eyes and ears. The sorry thing is that it is all so true and real these days of loyalty to the colors, while Mogwei hurls appetite and avarice, sin and superstition, lust and lies against the divided followers of the sage now as ever. But you must read the story to appreciate it.

**D**RAMA and pageantry has become a popular form of entertainment among young people. It is also being used as a sure means of financing various forms of work. The legion, the lodge and the school have all used it. The Brookline Inter-Church

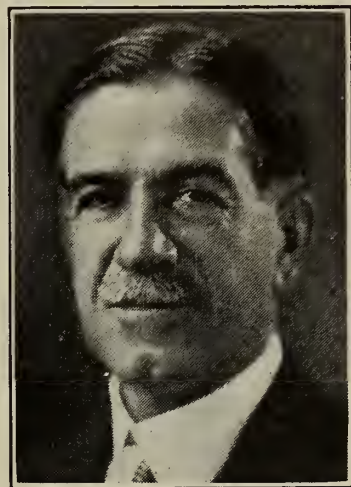
### **The Inter-Church Council Players of Brookline, Mass.**

Council has lately, during December, used it to great advantage. The Inter-Church Council Players presented Megrue's Seven Chances to appreciative houses on successive evenings. It was a cast made up of young people solely and the finances of the flourishing Inter-Church Young People's Council benefited by the successful drama. The churches of Brookline, Mass., are happy because of the council, which is being sponsored by the Ministerial Association. Youth is capable and responsive when given its chance. —J. L. A.

## Minisino Says—

### *Beyond the Ordinary*

"To every man there openeth a way and  
ways and a way  
The high soul climbs the high way, the low  
soul gropes the low  
And in between on the misty flats, the rest  
drift to and fro  
But to *every* man there openeth a high way  
and a low  
And each one in his mind decides which way  
his Soul shall go."



The great mass of humanity is satisfied with an ordinary level. Such people are not the worst, neither are they the best. Some of them even question any advance beyond the ordinary level. Their fight is simply to hold their own.

You new campers are coming to camp because you are not satisfied to be ordinary. You are coming to gain through contact and association with leaders "that something" which will put you above the ordinary level.

But your job as Leaders is to embody, yes even incarnate, that Higher Level before the eyes of those around you. If you are to have dynamic influence, you must proclaim the message of these higher ideals of camp, *then match your words by performance*—actually living out these higher ideals.

He who would be a Leader must show by his own life—in his home, his business, his church, his community—the practicability of the new level to which he bids man come. He must carry his message in his face, in his acts, in his whole life.

"And They Believe That Which They Saw in Him."

So, New Campers, set your hearts on a Higher Level. It's yours to attain if you will it.

Will you?

Wm. H. Danforth.

## The Enrollment of New Founders and the Joan d'Arc Founder's Medal

*"You do not know me, as I never have been in any of the camps. However, my friend, who has been a camper, enrolled me as a Founder this morning and I am wearing the beautiful medal. I am enthusiastic to see others do the same and if you will send me fifty medals as a start, I shall do my best to help the cause."*

The president of a young people's council wrote the above in a letter to Kinji the other day, and the fifty medals were on the way in the next mail. If a young man, who has only seen the results of our Founder ideals in a second-hand way, has such an attitude, what opportunities camper Founders must see to spread the influence of "Be your own self at your very best all the time." We have the opportunity to enroll a hundred thousand new Founders within the year and every Founder can reach the one hundredth degree and in so doing be a benefactor to those who join our fellowship.

The Founders' Clubs everywhere are at work on the idea. The enrollment of new Founders among their friends is going to help them in their efforts to do worthwhile work among the young people of their communities. Business and religious-minded, new Founders will give them a big, supporting constituency. It means a new sympathy and backing for youth with Christian ideals. It is a broadening of the influence of the Jesus Way.

The Louisville Founders' Club challenges the world. It means to be a one hundred degree Founders' Club. That means twenty-two hundred new Founders in Louisville. Founders' Clubs take notice! Louisville says "that its only competitor for *first honors* is Rudy Brandmo's gang at Minneapolis and that Rudy will likely be a *good second*, when the enrollment closes." Louisville further says "that it doesn't need to worry the least little bit about any other Founders' Club—anywhere."

So! So!

Kinji has just been at Columbia, Mo., and has met with the student Founders' Club of the State University, Stephens College and Christian College. These combined Missouri Student Founders are on the straight-a-way to be a one hundred degree Columbia Mo., Founders' Club.

So! So!

Mexico, Mo., the heart of Audreain County and home of James Fennimore Cooper, Ruth Harper, et al, met the other night to enroll a thousand new Founders, and they are now on the job. Incidentally, they staged a great Founders' meeting at the close of the evening church services one Sunday night recently with a thousand friends present. It looks like an easy and sure thing in Mexico.

So! So!

At present writing there has been no word from St. Louis. Dad, however, has been booked for Kansas City and things look hopeful that at least one of Missouri's big cities will make the effort to uphold Missouri's prestige.

So! So!

Louisville scoffs at St. Louis but reiterates "it has no worry about any Founders' Club,—anywhere." Founders' Clubs in Minnesota *and other parts* are invited to consider Louisville's claims to be the one hundred degree, National Founders' Club. Correspondence solicited!

So! So!

And that reminds the writer that it is individual effort that will determine the honors. The Louisville and other Founders' Clubs are just groups of separate folks. If each Camper-Founder is a one hundred degree in standing, it follows that the club is also. Club members can help each other and clinch club honors.

What team are you on? Kinji tells me that the last third of the alphabet will be the *winning team*. Wadjepi writes "only one team can enroll Founders and it is not anything but the team I'm leading." Dad is not so talkative but he is doing a lot of writing these days. He thinks that the first third of the alphabet is *first*. Wadjepi's counting on being in between the first and last, "kinda" like the ham in a sandwich. Kinji quotes "the last shall be first." But, take it from me, their hopes depend on you, gentle reader—you who make up their teams.

So! So!

And again! Every new Founder enrolled is a new force and resource for the big enterprise we are in for keeps. You do not sell medals. That wouldn't be profitable. You enroll new Founders!

—I. Peppum Upp's Kid Brother.

## Kinji's Column



THIS is the Easter month. With it comes spring and the new life of the out-of-doors. Could there be a more fitting, annual remembrance of the risen life of Jesus than nature's own way. "The Lord of Life"—no matter where it is—"my shepherd is." It is peculiarly right, however, for we Founders who live after the manner of the Jesus Way to pause a little while to renew our current contacts with our Lord. Why not read through, at one sitting, one of the Gospels or

perhaps the Life of Jesus by Moffat? One evening, possibly that of Good Friday, could profitably be given over to this spiritual appreciation of our Lord's life, death, resurrection

### Easter and Spiritual Refreshment

and "Go Ye." This is a season of the soul and a time of spiritual refreshing. It is a time of meditation and can be made as sacred as our Sunday afternoon camp half-hours by the lake or in the

forest. In our busy practice of the Jesus Way—"going about doing good"—we need often to steal away "into a desert place to pray." A wise use of Easter will furnish great power and companionship for the greater living of the Jesus Way.

Mystical relationships do not sit well with us. We are doers, not meditators. "Be ye doers of the word" appeals to us. Speculation and the practice of communion are less appealing. The broad, deep river, on which the commerce of a nation rides cannot separate itself, however, from the quiet waters of the upper hills. The life of the noisy city depends on the quiet, fertile plains. The reservoirs of life are hidden away in the less bustling places and life needs its periods in the hills and valleys and plains of spirit refreshing. It is good to dream frequently, in the morning, at the noon-tide, in the still of the evening, or in the quiet of the night. When the Lord of Life shares these vigils, there is a calm of spirit and a reborn strength that give purpose and pose to our American haste. The practise of Christian withdrawal into His secret place and under the shadow of His presence is the force that makes for kingdom progress. The soul's intake clogs without spiritual inflow.

—J. L. A.

## Wadjepi's Nimble Ones

I GUESS Kinji and I have one on the whole bunch of you this time. We had a ride the other week in a snowmobile. Ever seen one? They are very simply made. Here's the receipt. Take one pair of runners, four 30x3½ auto wheels with tires, one pair of caterpillar treads, one cab (for passengers—but which is really used to catch the flying snow). Take above ingredients and add one ordinary tin Lizzie and you have a snowmobile. Speed 20 miles an hour—travels anywhere and has all the thrills of autoing, airplaning and skiing put together.



It was on our trip to Camp Miniwanca that we had our first experience riding in a snowmobile. "Better not try to get out in a

car" we were advised, so we hunted up the man who owned the snowmobile and soon we were scooting along the snow bound road, up hill and down, up snowbanks, through fields, over hidden logs, helter skelter, lickety split, to Stony Lake over the bridge and along the ridge road right into camp, where



just for good luck our driver started to climb up the ridge opposite the Eating Lodge.

The Camp was beautiful in its mantle of snow. You would not have recognized our wonderful beach, for it looked more like the coast of Labrador than the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. We walked fully two city blocks across the mountainous icefield lying out from the beach before we came to open water. The waves beat against the barricade of ice, throwing tons of water and spray to a height of twenty-five and thirty feet.

Back on Stony Lake the men were busy harvesting ice for the summer's needs. Our caretaker, Charlie Thompson, had made good progress on his big job of filling the camp icehouse with 300 cakes of clear, spring water ice.

The eating lodge is snug and tight and at present filled to the rafters with tents, cots and mattresses, pillows, tables and other camp equipment. The kitchen is in apple pie order and looks as though it could get under way at a moments notice to feed the big camps of the coming summer.

Passing along the ridge road we stopped for a while at a point just across the Council Circle. Below, in the "draw," the snow lay deep over the spot where the braves of the last camp at Miniwanca held their last service in the memorable camps of 1925. And it did not require great imagination on our part to picture the snow banked sides of the deep Council Circle "Draw" filled with hundreds of braves and chiefs of the great 1926 camps that are just a few months away.

After a good country dinner at Charlie Thompson's we again boarded our trusty snowmobile and away we went, skidding our way back to Shelby, arriving in time to catch a fast Greyhound down to Muskegon.

---

### **The Greyhounds are Ready**



### ***A Fleet of Greyhounds***

On our visit to Muskegon, we called on our Greyhound Bus friends, the Safety Motor Coach Lines, and made arrangements for the handling of the campers on the fifty mile auto trip from Muskegon to camp, and, believe me, the Greyhounds are ready. In anticipation of a great increase in the volume of trade in western

Michigan this summer, the Safety Lines have added to their big Greyhound fleet fifteen great new Fageol Pullman busses, which makes a total of more than seventy-five Greyhounds in the Safety Lines fleet.

So pile on your baggage and climb into one of the cushioned arm chairs and we're off again up M-11 for another two wonderful weeks at beautiful Miniwanca.

—P. G. O.

Jack B. Nimble  
Jack B. Quick  
Jack Jump Over  
The Candle Stick

Yo, Ho, Nimble Ones!  
Where are you in our ancient and  
Honorable order?

Dig up your ancient and honorable  
Letters and make your Candle Stick Degree.  
The secrets of the higher degrees await you.  
Yo Ho—Ahoy.

—L. H. P.—Wadjepi.

Johnnie Haefflin writes me today "I am not quitting at the Moon Degree." Johnnie is now a Jack Jump Soon Degree Camper.

## Four Folder Subscribers:—

### Right Away, Please!

Send us a list of names and addresses of girls 12 to 15 years of age, whom you would like us to invite to the Younger Girls' Camp. (Include parents' first names or initials.) We will send these girls a camp prospectus. It's the chance of a life-time for your young friends. Please send your list in at once.

# The American Youth Foundation Announces the First Season of Its Younger Girls' Camps at

Camp Miniwanca—June 28 to July 26.

Camp Merrowvista—Aug. 9 to Sept. 6.

The famous camp sites occupied by the Foundation's Older Boys' and Older Girls' Training Camp-Conferences will be used to house the Younger Girls' Camps and the unusual equipment will serve their many activities.

In addition to the supervision and direction of the skilled directors of the Foundation, each Younger Girls' Camp will have an expert, trained staff of thirty women, all of whom are graduates and honor campers of the Foundation's training enterprises.

## **Camp Miniwanca**

Dune Eorest on  
Stony Lake and  
Lake Michigan

June 28-July 26



## **Camp Merrowvista**

Lost Brook Glen  
on Sentinel Moun-  
tain

Aug. 9-Sept. 6

A carefully set-up program for health, recreational and spirit-building purposes has been arranged. It insures a growing girl the elements she needs in her development with surroundings unsurpassed anywhere.

The American Youth Foundation Younger Girls' Camps are *Invitation Camps*. Full information will be given to parents and guardians on request. The Foundation provides a young woman leader for every five girls. Food, sleep, recreation, rest and mental stimulus are factors of a balanced program.

**The American Youth Foundation**  
130 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

## The Founders Four-Folder

### SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Enclosed find \$0.50 covering my subscription to The Founders Four-Folder,

Name.....

Address.....

(Give full mailing address)

### FOUNDERS' ENROLLMENT BLANK

I attended the Older Boys—Girls Camp-Conference in.....(year), and want to help perpetuate the type of Four-fold life training that I received in camp, by registering as a Founder in the Christian Leadership Training Division of

### THE AMERICAN YOUTH FOUNDATION

My Founder contribution will be:

(By checking any one, or all of the following items, you will be enrolled as a Founder of The American Youth Foundation and will receive a handsome Founders' Certificate. (Note.—New Founders of 1925 will use this same registration form.)

- ☐ Registering personally in the Foundation Camps of 1925.
- ☐ Contributing personally, and interesting friends to contribute to the support of the work of The American Youth Foundation.
- ☐ Serving as a personal representative of The American Youth Foundation in my community in the important work of selecting outstanding older boys and girls to attend the American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences.
- ☐ Serving as a leader in The American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences.

Signed.....

Address.....

(Give full mailing address)

### CAMP APPLICATION

#### —THE FOUNDERS' CAMPS—

1601 Peoples Life Bldg.

130 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

Wm. H. Danforth, *President*

Walter Scott Athearn, *Vice-President*

Lansing F. Smith, *Treasurer*



John L. Alexander, *Director*

P. G. Orwig, *Associate Director*

R. A. Waite, *Associate Director*

I herewith make application for enrollment in The American Youth Foundation Older.....  
(Boys' or Girls')  
Camp-Conference for the season of....., subject to all conditions of the Camp management. Enclosed find \$1.00 covering advance registration fee. Balance of registration fee (\$2.00) to be paid when requested.

Name.....

Street..... (Print Letters)

Father's (or mother's)

Address.....

Initials.....

City.....

State or Province.....

Age..... last birthday, month..... day.....

Recommended by.....

Signature and position of guarantor

If applicant has not yet subscribed for THE FOUNDERS FOUR-FOLDER, enclose additional \$0 50 to cover subscription. Make all checks and money orders payable to The American Youth Foundation.

